

SELECT
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1812.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Sketch of the present State of Caracas; including a Journey from Caracas through la Victoria and Valencia to Puerto Cabello. By Robert Semple, author of *Two Journeys in Spain, &c.* Crown 8vo. pp. 176. 6s. Boards. Baldwin. 1812.

MR. SEMPLE'S peregrinations in Spain have already been submitted to the consideration of our readers; and after he returned from the Peninsula, he appears to have embraced an early opportunity of visiting the regions connected with it in the West. Ardent, like other travellers, in quest of new scenes, and equally prompt with most of them in publishing his observations—for we are now reporting his labours for the fourth time—he differs from the majority of his brother-voyagers in combining with the gratification of curiosity the prosecution of a more solid object. That mercantile affairs engaged his attention we were induced, before we met with an acknowledgement to that effect, to suspect from his complaints (p. 39.) of the difficulty of conveying goods over the Caracas mountains, and by his prompt discovery (p. 118) of the commercial tactics of the Trans-atlantic shop-keepers. The revolutionary events which have of late been passing in that country, and, more recently, the dreadful calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit it, are calculated to give interest to a traveller's descriptions; and Mr. Semple's little volume will be found productive of considerable information. He seems, on this occasion, to have made it a rule to aim at nothing magnificent either in thought or diction, and to have confined himself to a plain and brief account of all that he saw and heard. To this unassuming course he will, if

our advice has any weight with him, continue to adhere ; carefully avoiding those effusions of sentimentality which are so contagious among travellers, and into which, from a luckless apostrophe at the outset, we were grievously afraid that he was about to relapse. His survey embraced the island of Curaçoa, the towns of La Guayra, Caracas, Victoria, Maracai, Valencia, and Puerto Cabello ; and, though he visited them twice, it would have been desirable, in the present solicitude for information concerning South America, that his residence in them had been longer, or his circuit more extensive. Our statistical knowledge of that quarter is far from accurate ; and, divided as the country is into contending factions, a more complete report of their relative character and strength could not have failed to be attractive.

The voyage from England to Curaçoa, as long as it is conducted on the open ocean, is exempt from those apprehensions, which annoy the mariner on coming within the chain of the West-India islands. Along the Caracas coast, the navigation is rendered particularly hazardous by a line of rocks and small islands, extending westward all the way from Grenada to the Gulf of Venezuela. Notwithstanding the vigilance exerted on board of the ship in which Mr. Semple was a passenger, considerable danger was incurred ; and he is anxious to prevail on future navigators to adopt a new course. Within his own knowledge, three vessels have been wrecked on these rocks or islands ; and as they all lie nearly in the same latitude, the seaman who is not locally acquainted with them becomes unable, when once entangled in them, to distinguish, by solar observations, the one from the other. The currents in this sea being both variable and violent, it would be much better, in Mr. Semple's opinion, for vessels bound to Curaçoa, or La Guayra, to keep well to the northward until near Buenayre ; or, otherwise, at once to penetrate, and keep to leeward of the whole chain, even should they come in sight of the main-land of America. When arrived at Curaçoa, the mariner rests in a safe harbour ; formed, not by the *embouchure* of a river, but by a deep inlet of the sea, narrow at the entrance, and widening afterward into a kind of small lake interspersed with shoals. The principal batteries are placed at this narrow entrance ; but their terrors were unable to keep back the small but gallant squadron of British frigates which sailed in, as our readers will remember, a few years after the beginning of the war, and carried the place by assault. The island, having been successively in the hands of the Spaniards, Dutch and English, exhibits a strange mixture in population, and a still greater mixture in respect to language. Dutch, Spanish, English, French, are all spoken ; either separately, or confounded with a Creole jargon of African origin. The distance of only forty or fifty

miles from the main-land makes Curaçoa well situated for intercourse with the whole of the neighbouring coast ; and, as long as the condition of Venezuela remains unsettled, the shippers of British merchandize will be induced to deposit their property, in the first instance at least, under the protection of British law at Curaçoa. This island is less unhealthy than most of our West-India settlements, the moderate height of the hills permitting a free circulation of air, and the soil being of a kind which speedily absorbs moisture :

“ The regular defence of the island,” says the author, “ was, at this time, entrusted almost entirely to a black regiment, the Eighth West-Indian, which had been stationed here upwards of six months. I saw it under arms, and was struck by its steadiness and appearance ; at the same time, that a long line of black faces, in the English military dress, produced a singular effect. Previous to its arrival, the inhabitants were in the utmost dread of such defenders, and witnessed the departure of the last European battalion with the most gloomy forebodings. Such, however, had been the discipline and good conduct of these black soldiers, as to form a striking and most favourable contrast with their predecessors. Robberies, quarrels, and drunkenness were far less frequent than before ; and the inhabitants, instead of apprehension and mistrust, were becoming inclined to regard them as the most peaceable regiment they had yet seen. The remembrance of the horrors of St. Domingo, however, still haunts the mind of every colonist of the West-Indies. In the hurry of alarm, and in the midst of prejudice, the atrocities committed at St. Domingo are attributed to the negroes, merely because they were black men, and not because they were ignorant slaves, suddenly made free. It is forgotten that colour has nothing to do with the question, and that atrocities at least equal, and proceeding from the very same source, were committed at Paris, Nantz, Lyons, and Toulon.”

Proceeding from Curaçoa to the Main, Mr. Semple landed at La Guayra, a sea-port placed at the foot of lofty mountains, which rise behind it with an ascent apparently perpendicular.—This town, though at a considerable distance from the city of Caracas, serves as its port, and contains about 8000 inhabitants : but it is badly built, and offers nothing deserving the attention of the traveller. What is called the harbour is a mere road-stead, open to the north and east, and only slightly sheltered to the west. During winter, La Guayra is not unhealthy, but in the summer months the case is far otherwise. In that season, the heat reflected from the mountains is intolerable to Europeans, and the fever makes dreadful ravages among those who have not been long inured to the climate. The use of carriages for the conveyance of goods being unknown, all packages must be reduced to such a size as to admit of being placed on the backs of mules ;

180 lbs. being the general burden for each. Mr. Semple, having determined to see the country at leisure, set out for Caracas on foot :

“ For about a mile,” he says, “ the road continues along the shore until we reach Macuta, a neat and pleasant village, close upon the sea, where most of the richer inhabitants of La Guayra have houses. Here the mountains recede a little from the shore, and leave a small opening, certainly better adapted for the situation of the port than the rude spot on which it has been built. I have little doubt that Macuta will one day surpass La Guayra in size, as it now does in neatness and regularity. In the steepest parts it ascends by zigzags ; but sometimes it is so narrow, that two loaded mules cannot pass each other ; and the banks are high and steep on each side. We continue constantly to ascend. At the height of about a thousand feet, we begin to breathe already a lighter and cooler air ; and, turning back, enjoy the view of Macuta and the coast beneath our feet. We see the white breakers along the shore, and hear their noise, which now sounds like a hollow murmur among the woods which begin to crown the steeps. Here and there spots are cleared away, plantations are formed, and the experienced eye can distinguish the various hues of the fields of coffee, sugar, or maize. As we advance, the steepness increases, so that the mules, and even the foot traveller, can only proceed by crossing obliquely from side to side ; and even that is attended with difficulty after rain or heavy dews, on account of the smooth round stones with which the road is paved. But the great and enlivening change experienced in the state of the atmosphere removes all difficulties. Never within the tropics had I before breathed so pure and so cool an air. Instead of the stifling heat of the coast, where the slightest exertion was attended with profuse perspiration, I walked fast for joy, and thought myself in England. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I left La Guayra, and it was now become dark when I reached La Venta, or the inn, a poor house, but well known upon the road as being about half way between Caracas and the Port. It is situated at the height of about 3600 English feet above the level of the sea, at which elevation the heat is never oppressive. Here, having supped and drank large draughts of delicious cold water, I repaired to sleep, unmolested by heat or mosquitoes. At three o'clock, being a fine moonlight morning, we resumed our journey, having still a considerable distance to ascend, although the worst of the road was now past. In an hour we had passed the highest point of the road, and proceeded along an uneven ridge of two or three miles before beginning to descend towards the valley of Caracas. When we had passed the ridge, and were descending towards Caracas, the day began to dawn. Never had I seen a more interesting prospect. A valley, upwards of twenty miles in length, inclosed by lofty mountains, unfolded itself by degrees to my eyes. A small river, which ran through the whole length of it, was marked by a line of mist along the bottom of the valley. Beneath my feet was the town of Caracas, although only its church towers were visible, arising above the light mist in which it lay buried.

We entered the town about six o'clock, After passing the first rows of houses, I was struck with the neatness and regularity of most of the streets, which were well paved, and far superior to any thing I had yet seen in the West-Indies. In the principal Posada, or inn, kept by a Genoese, I found every accommodation that could be here reasonably expected ; and indeed for some days the constant sensation of refreshing coolness in the mornings and evenings, as well as throughout the night, was of itself a luxury which seemed to have all the charms of novelty, and left no room for petty complaints.

" Santiago de Leon de Caracas, the capital of the whole Captain Generalship of Caracas, is situated in long. $66^{\circ} 46'$ west, and lat. $10^{\circ} 30'$ north, at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The ground on which it stands slopes regularly down to the Guayra, a small river which bounds it on the south. Besides its inclination to the south, the ground slopes also to the east, and is, consequently, upon the whole, extremely well calculated for contributing to the health and convenience of a large town. After a heavy shower of rain, every street pours a muddy torrent into the Guayra, or the Anauco ; but in a few minutes all is again dry, and we find the whole town suddenly rendered cleaner than could be effected by the utmost labour in any other not similarly situated.

" The streets are in general about a hundred yards apart, and as they intersect each other at right angles, the whole town is, by this means, divided into square portions, called *Quadras*. When one of these is left unoccupied by houses, there remains, of course, a Plaza, or open square, occupying the same space as the *Quadra*.

" There are several squares in Caracas ; but none of them worthy of notice, except the Plaza Mayor, or great square, where the market for fruits, vegetables, fish, and other smaller articles, is held. The east side is principally occupied by the cathedral, the south by the college, and the west by the public prison. Within these is, as it were, another square, formed principally by ranges of low shops. In this square may be seen the fruits which we have been accustomed to consider as peculiar to very different climates, all brought from the distance of a few leagues. The banana, the pine apple, and the sapadillo, are mingled with the apple, the pear, and the chesnut. The potatoe and the plantain, fresh provisions, which seem to belong to the temperate zones, and those kinds of fish which are peculiar to tropical seas, are here offered for sale on the same spot. Here, in ascending from the shore of the ocean, to these elevated and temperate regions, we experience in a short lapse of time what seems to belong only to long intervals of space ; and pass in a few hours from the torrid to the finest climates of the temperate zones."

" The population of Caracas is upwards of forty thousand, of which about one third are whites. Among the remainder are a very few Indians ; but the mixture of Indian blood is general. Almost all the handicrafts are carried on by freed-men of colour, who are in general ingenious, but indolent and indifferent to the highest degree. They promise, without the smallest intention of performing, and appear perfectly unmoved when reproached with their falsehood.

"The college is the only public institution for education; and hither all the youth of Caracas of the better classes are sent for that purpose. A few common Latin authors, catechisms, and the Lives of Saints, are the chief studies. A free mode of thinking is, however, rapidly spreading among the young men, and may hereafter produce the most important effects.

"The elevated situation of the valley of Caracas, and the purity and lightness of the air, have a material effect upon the physical and moral character of the inhabitants, and distinguish them advantageously from the natives of the coast. As the original Indians here were celebrated among the surrounding tribes, the same may be affirmed of the present race of Caracas, that they are superior in activity and intelligence to the inhabitants of most of the other towns in the province."

The advantages of climate, however, have been hitherto counteracted in Caracas by moral defects, by the want of good education, and by the undue ascendancy of an ignorant priesthood. To judge from the behaviour of the inhabitants in mercantile transactions, we are forced to pronounce them callous to the impressions of that Spanish honour which was once so proverbial; and rudeness, it must be confessed, is often joined in them to insincerity. Of the women, the dress and manners are exact counter-parts of those of Old Spain; and in Caracas, as in the parent-state, going to mass seems to be the grand occupation of the morning. They are in general good looking, and of pleasing address, but not exempted from those censures on domestic conduct which attach to many of their country-women in the peninsula. Music affords a favourite occupation to both sexes at Caracas. The frequent employment of solemn and of sprightly music in the rites of the Roman Catholic religion, is favourable to the cultivation of that delightful accomplishment; and Mr. Semple is disposed to consider it as much farther advanced in Caracas than in any city of the Anglo-American states. In no country is the pageantry of the Catholic worship more implicitly admired than here—gilded images carried in procession—churches adorned with vessels of gold and silver, and dazzling with lights—in short, whatever exhibits a brilliant show constitutes an object of the utmost interest to all ranks.

It unfortunately happens that the harbours along the whole of this coast are bad, with the single exception of the Puerto Cabello. As the road from Caracas to that sea-port leads through a picturesque country, Mr. Semple set out on a journey to visit it, accompanied by a friend. In their progress, they met several parties of Indians, chiefly young women, on the way to seek for work in the coffee-plantation near Carracas. Their wages are between two and three reals (about a quarter of a dollar) per day.

in addition to their food : their colour was yellowish, inclining to copper ; their lips were thick ; and the general air of both sexes was heavy and inanimate. In a country which is destitute of roads, the produce of the soil is carried to market on the backs of men or of quadrupeds ; and the Indians are accordingly accustomed, from their youth, to traverse mountains and valleys with burdens which appear suprising to an European. At Victoria, the first town of any magnitude on the road, Mr. Semple was struck with the interesting sight of wheat and sugar-canes growing close together. The wheat was green, (in January) and promised a good crop ; while fields of Otaheitan sugar-canes inclosed it all around, without being separated from the corn even by a trench. Sugar is very generally cultivated in this quarter ; but, in course, only for home-consumption—the rude condition of the arts of manufacture, as well as of the means of transport, rendering the idea of export a project for a future age. Not far from Victoria is Maracai, a well built town of 10,000 inhabitants, which, forty years ago, “ was little better than a hamlet.” It stands at no great distance from the eastern end of the lake of Valencia ; a beautiful expanse of water, larger than Lochlomond, and not unlike it, either in number of islands or in the height of the surrounding mountains. So backward are the knowledge and habits of the people, that a solitary bark which our traveller descried, at a distance, on the lake, was the only vessel which had ever been known to navigate its waters with a sail—canoes only having been hitherto employed. The whole of the extensive plain of Valencia has the appearance of having formerly been under water. The town of that name contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and forms a point of communication between Puerto Cabello and the inland country. It was here that the bloodshed of last year principally took place ; the inhabitants being, in a great measure, either natives of Old Spain, or immediate descendants of such, and obnoxious, consequently, to the revolutionists of Caracas. A great proportion of them has since been obliged to emigrate, an event by which the district has been deprived of its most active citizens ; the Spaniards who settle in America being chiefly Biscayans and Catalans, and far superior in industry to the majority of their countrymen.

After having crossed the chain of mountains which form the bulwark of the province of Caracas against the sea, Mr. Semple reached the end of his journey at Puerto Cabello :

“ Puerto Cabello stands upon a small neck of land, which has been cut through, and thus formed into an artificial island. A bridge crosses this cut, and affords entrance to the original city, which is small, but tolerably well built and fortified. The harbour is formed by a low island to the north-west, and banks covered with mangrove trees, which

shelter it on every side—it is deep and capacious. An excellent wharf, faced with stone, allows of vessels of a large burthen being laid close alongside of it; and as they can be easily and securely fastened to the shore, anchors are here seldom necessary. This harbour and La Guayra form a striking contrast. Here vessels lie, as in a small smooth lake, while the waves break high upon the outside of the island, and along the shore. In return for this, the worm makes great ravages in the bottom of such ships as are not coppered. In no part of the world is it more destructive; and a small vessel, left unattended, in a very few months would founder at her moorings from this cause alone. To the south-east of the town the flats are annually flooded by the rains; and the exhalations from them are very probably the cause of the destructive fevers which so frequently rage here in the summer and autumn months. Few strangers can then visit this port with impunity, or at least without great danger; and there have been instances of vessels losing the greater part of their crews in a very short time. The suburbs now exceed the town in population and extent, but still retain their low and mean appearance, and are subject to the original stipulations in case of danger. A great proportion of the houses have no upper story; and the population being almost entirely coloured, a stranger is more apt to consider the whole as a large Indian village than as part of an European settlement."

"Thus," says Mr. Semple, "have we traversed a small but interesting portion of the Continent of America. Every where we have found a fertile soil, and, except in particular spots upon the coast, a pure and healthy air. Even the unwholesomeness of these situations is compensated by their exuberant fertility, and by the gradual adaptation of the inhabitants to the atmosphere in which they live. With little labour, man here earns an easy subsistence." "Four leagues to the eastward of Caracas, on a gentle eminence, from which springs gush forth, stands a pleasant village, originally inhabited entirely by Indians. To the westward, on the other hand, on the opposite side of the Guayra, in a small recess of the mountains, a white church tower, surrounded by huts, points out an establishment, formed by the Missionaries. All throughout the valley are plantations of sugar, coffee, and maize. The use of the plough is unknown. All work is done by the spade and the hoe, and chiefly by slaves. The lighter work is performed by Indians and free labourers, which last class is increasing rapidly. Maize and plantains form the basis of their food, to which are added beef and garlic. The maize is generally eaten in the form of cakes, being first soaked, deprived of the husk, and then ground, or rather rubbed into a moist paste, by means of a roller, and a smooth curved slab of stone. This operation falls to the lot of the women. Beef seldom exceeds two-pence sterling per pound; but poultry is scarce and dear—a Spanish dollar being frequently the price of a common fowl. Mutton is unknown. Although this country has been colonized for nearly three centuries, the sheep has not yet been introduced upon these mountains, where it could not fail to multiply rapidly. The flesh of goats is used instead; which, although sufficiently palatable when young, can never be compared for flavour, de-

licacy, and nutriment, with that of the sheep. The mode of cooking is entirely Spanish, oil and garlic being necessary ingredients in most dishes, and both being imported, in large quantities, for that purpose. At the close of all entertainments, great quantities of sweetmeats are used, of which the Creoles are exceedingly fond. In lieu of sweetmeats, the common people use coarse sugar, in the form of loaves, called *papelón*. It is also customary at feasts, even at the best tables, for the guests to pocket fruits and other articles, as I have witnessed to my great surprize. Although, generally, a sober race, on these occasions they drink liberally of strong liquors, in bumpers, to each other, or to favourite political toasts; a custom which they appear to have borrowed from the English. This they do standing up; or walking about, recurring to the table, at intervals. Meantime the ladies sit mingled with them, or in a contiguous apartment, the doors of which are open.

“ Almost the whole commerce of the country is carried on by European Spaniards, and by *islenos*, or islanders, from the Canaries.— They buy and sell, are the merchants and the shop-keepers, in all the towns. A spirit of union, and frequently an impenetrable provincial dialect, binds them together, and gives them great advantages in all their transactions. The European, who expects to see a number of purchasers in competition, is frequently surprised to find only one or two, until the bargain being completed, the whole who were interested in it, appear. The manners of the towns, and in the interior, differ greatly, or rather they belong to different periods in the progress of society. After passing the great chain of mountains which borders all this coast, from the Gulph of Venezuela to that of Paria, we come to immense plains, devoid of trees, known by the general name of *Las Llanos*, or the Plains. These plains afford pasturage to innumerable cattle, the proprietors of which reside in the great towns, leaving them to the care of slaves, or people of colour. Hence a population is rapidly forming of a character wholly different from that of the immediate descendants of Europeans, or the natives of the coast. A bold and lawless race, accustomed to be always on horseback, and living nearly in a state of nature, wander over these plains. Among them are many professed robbers, who render travelling dangerous, and are already beginning to form into small bands. They live almost entirely on the flesh of cattle, without regarding to whom they belong; killing an animal at every meal, and after satisfying their hunger, leaving the remainder of the carcase to the birds of prey and the wild animals of the desert. In the villages and small towns, thinly scattered over these plains, great dissoluteness of morals prevails. The mixture of races is a source of endless corruption; to which are joined a climate inducing indolence and voluptuousness, and the total absence of all refined methods of passing time away. The highest delight both to women and men is to swing about in their hammocks, and smoke cigars. Gambling to excess, and tormenting of bulls, are their principal amusements. Religion has no beneficial effect upon their morals; if they commit sins, they confess them and are forgiven. To all this is joined an apathy which is astonishing. Liveliness forms

no part of their character ; on the contrary, they generally speak in a mild and drawling tone, which gives the highest idea of indifference, and almost of a disinclination to the trouble of opening their mouths."

The vice of gambling, we are sorry to find, is as prevalent in the best cultivated part of the province as in the interior. Parties formed on purpose, are to be seen at the Posados (inns) from morning to night, and all the agitation excited by this miserable vice is daily displayed. Even the planters forsake their tranquil occupation and the beautiful scenery around them, to immerse themselves in painful alternations of hope and fear. Those who live remote from towns make their way to the *pulperia*, a rude country establishment which combines the different characteristics of a shop, a farm, and an inn. These houses are generally kept by natives of Biscay or Catalonia, who begin their Transatlantic career by selling victuals, liquors, and clothes, but, in progress of time, find means to move into town, and to devote themselves, as their circumstances improve, to more reputable business in the sale of manufactured goods.

From the description of local scenery and manners, Mr. Semple passes to the events of the late revolution in Caracas. A party existed in that province, determined to embrace the first opportunity of establishing their independence, and of withdrawing all allegiance from the King of Spain. The irruption of Bonaparte into the peninsula, presented too flattering an opportunity to pass over ; and, after having prepared the public mind, step by step, the Congress of Venezuela issued, on the 1st July, 1811, a decided declaration of independence. On this event, many functionaries attached to the mother-country, resigned their offices ; and several inhabitants of the same way of thinking quitted the country : while, of the lower ranks, some were so imprudent as to become parties to conspiracies. The plots were discovered, the ringleaders were executed, and a pretext was unfortunately afforded to the democrats for imprisoning and banishing many colonists of Spanish birth. These measures were followed by a declaration of open war against Coro, a city of consequence, and, in former ages, the metropolis of the province. Ever since its loss of sovereignty, a serious animosity has continued to subsist between it, and its successful rival, Caracas. Next followed the siege of Valencia ; which, though terminating successfully for the democrats, must be regarded as sowing the seeds of future discontent and hostility. The male population of Caracas is now regularly armed and exercised ; all hereditary titles are dropped, and the appellation of *citizen* is generally adopted. Like other Spanish Americans, they are fond of appealing to the United States as an example, and seem

inclined to imitate closely the form of their constitution. It must be confessed, however, that they are by no means equally well fitted for the enjoyment of independence : in proof of which we need go no farther than the history of their respective revolutions. In North-America, during a long struggle, no blood was shed but in the field ; while, in the South, we have seen, in the short space of three years, legal executions both precede and follow the slaughter of the battle. Europe, says Mr. Semple, will soon lose her despotic sway over America, but we must not flatter ourselves that the æra of American happiness is therefore about to commence. Revenge rankles between neighbouring provinces, and is likely to be kept up by the unfortunate distinction of classes. Spanish America will, in all probability, be divided into a variety of petty states and governments : a wide field will be opened to the exertion of military and diplomatic talents ; and the restless Europeans will be tempted to enter on the career of ambition, in the hope of obtaining rewards almost equal to those of the first conquerors.

Mr. Semple has subjoined to his narrative an appendix, containing the official despatches relative to the insurrections in Venezuela. In considering these, and the other broils in different quarters of Spanish America, he is induced to ask what, during all this contention, has been the language of Great Britain ? Merely, " let us trade with you." All our negociations in South America may be reduced, he adds, to this single object ; which, in his opinion, is by no means worthy of the high rank that we hold. We must not, therefore, be surprized, he observes, if our conduct should hereafter be attributed to the calculating prudence of a commercial people. The idea of not interfering in any way was magnanimous ; but it should, says Mr. Semple, have been strictly maintained or abandoned only for objects of the first necessity. He concludes with some hints to our government on a method of acquiring influence over the new states of South America, by pursuing a course wholly different from that which we have hitherto judged to be politic with respect to colonies. Agreeing with him that our colonial policy is founded on very mistaken principles, we are disposed to go a step farther, and to express an opinion that it is not our interest to covet *any political influence* in Trans-atlantic states ; since, distant as they are, their alliance or co-operation cannot be subservient to the promotion of any projects that are either necessary or salutary to Great Britain. However dignified the attitude we may hold towards the Continent of Europe, all that we should desire of America is commercial connection—a connection not to be kept up by diplomatic dexterity, but by the plain business-like rule of making it their interest to deal with us. Now the way and the only

way to do this, is to supply them with manufactured goods as cheap as any other country, and at long credit; points in which we are as yet superior to our European neighbours, in spite of the indefatigable exertions of those bold politicians among us who are not satisfied with a twenty years' continuance of hostility, but would disdain to listen to peace till they had exhausted "every resource of warfare and taxation."

The effects of the recent earthquake, though greatly exaggerated, have been very serious both at Caracas and La Guayra.—The loss of lives appears not to fall short of 3000 in the former city, and 1500 in the latter. Valencia, Victoria, and Puerto Cabello, have sustained, we understand, little damage.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Isle of Palms, and other Poems. By John Wilson. 8vo. p. 415. Edinburgh and London. 1812.

THIS is a new recruit to the company of lake poets;—and one who, from his present bearing, promises, we think, not only to do them good service, and to rise to high honours in the corps; but to raise its name, and advance its interests even among the tribes of the unbelievers. Though he wears openly the badge of their peculiarities, and professes the most humble devotion to their great captain, Mr. Wordsworth, we think he has kept clear of several of the faults that may be imputed to his preceptors; and assumed, upon the whole, a more attractive and conciliating air, than the leaders he has chosen to follow. He has the same predilection, indeed, for engrafting powerful emotions on ordinary occurrences; and the same tendency to push all his emotions a great deal too far—the same disdain of all worldly enjoyments and pursuits—and the same occasional mistakes, as to energy and simplicity of diction, which characterize the works of his predecessors. But he differs from them in this very important particular, that though he does generally endeavour to raise a train of lofty and pathetic sensations upon very trifling incidents and familiar objects, and frequently pursues them to a great height of extravagance and exaggeration, he is scarcely ever guilty of the offence of building them upon a foundation that is ludicrous or purely fantastic. He makes more, to be sure, of a sleeping child, or a lonely cataract—and flies into greater raptures about female purity and moonlight landscapes, and fine dreams, and flowers, and singing-birds—than most other poets permit themselves to do,—though it is of the very essence of poetry to be enraptured with such things:—But he does not break out into any ecstasies about

spades or sparrow's eggs—or men gathering leeches—or women in duffle cloaks—or plates and porringers—or washing tubs—or any of those baser themes which poetry was always permitted to disdain, without any impeachment of her affability, till Mr. Wordsworth thought fit to force her into an acquaintance with them.

Though Mr. Wilson may be extravagant, therefore, he is not perverse; and though the more sober part of his readers may not be able to follow him to the summit of his sublimer sympathies, they cannot be offended at the invitation, or even refuse to grant him their company to a certain distance on the journey. The objects for which he seeks to interest them, are all objects of natural interest; and the emotions which he connects with them, are, in some degree, associated with them in all reflecting minds. It is the great misfortune of Mr. Wordsworth, on the contrary, that he is exceedingly apt to make choice of subjects, which are not only unfit in themselves to excite any serious emotion, but naturally present themselves to ordinary minds as altogether ridiculous; and, consequently, to revolt and disgust his readers by an appearance of paltry affectation, or incomprehensible conceit. We have the greatest respect for the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, and the most sincere veneration for all we have heard of his character; but it is impossible to contemplate the injury he has done to his reputation by this poor ambition of originality, without a mixed sensation of provocation and regret. We are willing to take it for granted, that the spades and the eggs, and the tubs which he commemorates, actually suggested to him all the emotions and reflexions of which he has chosen to make them the vehicles; but they surely are not the only objects which have suggested similar emotions; and we really cannot understand why the circumstance of their being quite unfit to suggest them to any other person, should have recommended them as their best accompaniments in an address to the public. We do not want Mr. Wordsworth to write like Pope or Prior, nor to dedicate his muse to subjects which he does not himself think interesting. We are prepared, on the contrary, to listen with a far deeper delight to the songs of his mountain solitude, and to gaze on his mellow pictures of simple happiness and affection, and his lofty sketches of human worth and energy; and we only beg, that we may have these nobler elements of his poetry, without the debasement of childish language, mean incidents, and incongruous images. We will not run the risk of offending him, by hinting at the prosperity of Scott, or Campbell, or Crabbe; but he cannot be scandalized, we think, if we refer him to the example of the dutiful disciple and fervent admirer who is now before us; and intreat him to consider whether he may not conscientiously abstain from those

peculiarities which even Mr. Wilson has not thought it safe to imitate.

Mr. Wilson is not free from some of the faults of diction, which we think belong to his school. He is occasionally mystical, and not seldom childish: But he has less of these peculiarities than most of his associates: and there is one more important fault from which, we think, he has escaped altogether. We allude now to the offensive assumption of exclusive taste, judgment and morality which pervades most of the writings of this tuneful brotherhood. There is a tone of tragic, keen and intolerant reprobation in all the censures they bestow, that is not a little alarming to ordinary sinners. Every thing they do not like is accursed, and pestilent, and inhuman; and they can scarcely differ from any body upon a point of criticism, politics or metaphysics, without wondering what a heart he must have; and expressing, not merely dissent, but loathing and abhorrence. Neither is it very difficult to perceive, that they think it barely possible for any one to have any just notion of poetry, any genuine warmth of affection or philanthropy, or any large views as to the true principles of happiness and virtue, who does not agree with them in most of their vagaries, and live a life very nearly akin to that which they have elected for themselves. The inhabitants of towns, therefore, and most of those who are engaged in the ordinary business or pleasures of society, are cast off without ceremony as *demoralized* and *denaturalized* beings; and it would evidently be a considerable stretch of charity in these new apostles of taste and wisdom, to believe that any one of this description could have a genuine relish for the beauties of nature—could feel any ardent or devoted attachment to another,—or even comprehend the great principles upon which private and public virtue must be founded.—Mr. Wilson, however, does not seem to believe in the necessity of this extraordinary monopoly; but speaks with a tone of indulgent and open sociality, which is as engaging as the jealous and assuming manner of some of his models is offensive. The most striking characteristic, indeed, as well as the great charm, of the volume before us, is the spirit of warm and unaffected philanthropy which breathes over every page of it.—that delighted tenderness with which the writer dwells on the bliss of childhood, and the dignity of female innocence—and that young enthusiasm which leads him to luxuriate in the description of beautiful nature and the joys of a life of retirement. If our readers can contrive to combine these distinguishing features with our general reference of the author to the school of Wordsworth and Southey, they will have as exact a conception of his poetical character as can be necessary to prepare them for a more detailed account of the works that are now offered to their perusal.

The most considerable of these is 'The Isle of Palms,' which, though it engrosses the whole title-page, fills considerably less than half the volume,—and perhaps not the most attractive half. It is a strange, wild story of two lovers that were wrecked in the Indian Sea, and marvellously saved on an uninhabited, but lovely island, when all the rest of the crew were drowned;—of their living there, in peace and blessedness, for six or seven years—and being at last taken off, with a lovely daughter, who had come to cheer their solitude—by an English ship of war, and landed in the arms of the lady's mother, who had passed the long interval of their absence in one unremitting agony of hope and despair. This, in point of fact, is the whole of the story,—and nearly all the circumstances that are detailed in the four long cantos which cover the first 180 pages of the volume before us: For never, certainly, was there a poem, pretending to have a story, in which there was so little narrative; and in which the descriptions and reflections bore such a monstrous proportion to the facts and incidents out of which they arise. This piece is in irregular rhymed verse, like the best parts of Mr. Southey's *Kehama*: to which, indeed, it bears a pretty close resemblance, both in the luxuriance of the descriptions, the tenderness of the thoughts, the copiousness of the diction, and the occasional harmony of the versification,—though it is perhaps still more diffuse and redundant. To some of our readers, this intimation will be quite enough; but the majority, we believe, will be glad to hear a little more of it.

The first canto describes the gallant ship, in the third month of her outward bound voyage, sailing over the quiet sea in a lovely moonlight evening, and the two lovers musing and conversing on the deck. There are great raptures about the beauty of the ship and the moon,—and pretty characters of the youth and the maiden in the same tone of ecstasy. Just as the sky is kindling with the summer dawn, and the freshness of morning rippling over the placid waters, the vessel strikes on a sunken rock, and goes down almost instantly. This catastrophe is described, we think, with great force and effect;—allowance being always made for the peculiarities of the school to which the author belongs. He begins with a view of the ship just before the accident.

“ Her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!

—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.

—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul." p. 32--34

"Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye
But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown." p. 36.

The second canto begins with a very absurd expostulation to

the Moon, for having let the good ship be lost after shining so sweetly upon it. Nothing but the singular infatuation which seems to be epidemic on the banks of Winander, could have led a man of Mr. Wilson's abilities to write such lines as the following.

"Oh vain belief! most beauteous as thou art,
Thy heavenly visage hides a cruel heart."

And a little after,

"Wilt thou not then thy once-lov'd vessel miss,
And wish her happy, now that she is gone?
But then, sad moon! too late thy grief will be;
Fair as thou art, thou can'st not move the sea."

After this wild fit, however, has spent itself, we are conducted to a little sea-beat rock, where the unhappy lover finds himself stretched in horrible solitude; and where, in a sort of entranced slumber, he has a vision of a blissful land, over which he seems to wander with his beloved. On opening his eyes, he finds her actually leaning over him; and, by and by, the ship's pinnace comes floating alongside, with its oars and sails ready for immediate service. They embark with holy hope and confidence; and, at the close of evening, reach a shady and solitary shore, where they kneel down and return thanks to Providence.

The third canto is filled almost entirely with the description of this enchanted island, and of the blissful life which these lovers lived in its beautiful seclusion; and, certainly, a more glowing picture of Elysium has not often been brought before us, than is contained in these pages: such shades and flowers—and wooded steeps—and painted birds—and sunny bays and cascades—and dewy vales and thickets—and tufted lawns!—The following are but cold and tame citations.

"There, groves that bloom in endless spring
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage bright
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea-breezes blow.
The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness.
How silent lies each shelter'd bay!
No other visitors have they

To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band
Come dancing from the sea." p. 75, 76.

"Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,
Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some magic urn,
The silky gossamer that may not burn,
Too wildly beautiful to bear a name.
And when the Ocean sends a breeze,
To wake the music sleeping in the trees,
Trees scarce they seem to be; for many a flower,
Radiant as dew, or ruby polish'd bright,
Glances on every spray, that bending light
Around the stem, in variegated bows,
Appear like some awakened fountain-shower,
That with the colours of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods,
Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,
Breaking with solemn gray the tremulous green,
And frowning far in castellated pride;
While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods
Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,
Softening the beauty that it could not hide.
Lo! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,
Chequering the clouds with their unbending stems,
And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies,
Lifting their rich unfading diadems." p. 87, 88.

On the first Sabbath day, they take each other for husband and wife; and five or six years pass over, the reader does not well know how;—and still we find them enraptured with their flowers and their birds, and their own prayers, songs, and meditations. All at once a fairy child comes singing down a mountain, in a frock of peacock's feathers;—and we find they have a lovely daughter.

"Sing on! Sing on! It is a lovely air.
Well could thy mother sing it when a maid:
Yet strange it is in this wild Indian glade,
To list a tune that breathes of nothing there,
A tune that by his mountain springs,
Beside his slumbering lambkins fair,
The Cambrian shepherd sings.

Up yon steep hill's unbroken side,
Behold the little Fairy glide.
Though free her breath, untired her limb,
For through the air she seems to swim,
Yet oft she stops to look behind
On them below;—till with the wind

She flies again, and on the hill-top far
 Shines like the spirit of the evening star.
 Nor lingers long : as if a sight
 Half-fear, half-wonder, urged her flight,
 In rapid motion, winding still
 To break the steepness of the hill,
 With leaps, and springs, and outstretch'd arms,
 More graceful in her vain alarms,
 The child outstrips the Ocean gale,
 In haste to tell her wondrous tale.
 Her parents' joyful hearts admire,
 Of peacock's plumes her glancing tire,
 All bright with tiny suns,
 And the gleaming of the feathery gold,
 That play along each wavy fold
 Of her mantle as she runs." p. 113, 114, 115.

The blessed babe comes to tell of a strange sight she has seen
 on the sea ; and her father soon discovers it to be a ship steering
 towards their shore.

" ' How beautiful upon the wave
 ' The vessel sails, who comes to save !
 ' Fitting it was that first she shone
 ' Before the wondering eyes of one,
 ' So beautiful as thou.
 ' See how before the wind she goes,
 ' Scattering the waves like melting snows !' &c.

They cast their eyes around the isle :
 But what a change is there !
 For ever fled that *lonely* smile
 That lay on earth and air,
 That made its haunts so still and holy,
 Almost for bliss too melancholy,
 For life too wildly fair.
 Gone—gone is all its loneliness,
 And with it much of loveliness.
 Into each deep glen's dark recess,
 The day-shine pours like rain,
 So strong and sudden is the light
 Reflected from that wonder bright,
 Now tilting o'er the Main.
 Soon as the thundering cannon spoke,
 The voice of the evening-gun,
 The spell of the enchantment broke,
 Like dew beneath the sun." p. 118, 119.

The fourth and last canto carries us back to England, and to
 the woes of the despairing mother, whose daughter had embark-
 ed so many years before, in that ill-fated ship, of which no tidings

had ever reached her home. After pining in agony for years in her native Wales, she had been drawn by an irresistible impulse to take up her abode in the sea-port from which she had seen her beloved child depart, and to gaze daily on the devouring waters in which she believed her to be entombed. The following lines we think are pathetic.

“ And now that seven long years are flown,
 Though spent in anguish and alone,
 How short the time appears !
 She looks upon the billowy main,
 And the parting-day returns again.
 Each breaking wave she knows ;
 And when she listens to the tide,
 Her child seems standing by her side ;
 So like the past it flows.
 She starts to hear the city bell ;
 So toll'd it when they wept farewell !
 She thinks the self-same smoke and cloud
 The city domes and turrets shroud ;
 The same keen flash of ruddy fire
 Is burning on the lofty spire ;
 The grove of masts is standing there
 Unchanged, with all their ensigns fair ;
 The same, the stir, the tumult, and the hum,
 As from the city to the shore they come.” p. 157, 158.

As she is lingering one sunny day on the beach, a shout is raised for the approach of a long expected vessel ; and multitudes hurry out to meet their returning friends and relations. The unhappy mother flies, sick at heart, from the joyful scene of congratulations ; but strange murmurs pursue her in her retreat.

“ Dark words she hears among the crowd,
 Of a ship that hath on board
 Three christian souls, who on the coast
 Of some wild land were wreck'd long years ago,
 When all but they were in a tempest lost ;
 And they are speaking of a child,
 Who looks more beautifully wild
 Than pictured fairy in Arabian tale ;
 Wondrous her foreign garb, they say,
 Adorn'd with starry plumage gay,
 While round her head tall feathers play,
 And dance with every gale.” p. 165, 166.

She turns in breathless impatience, and sees the sailors rushing eagerly to the embraces of their wives and children—but

"—No sailor, he, so fondly pressing
 Yon fair child in his arms,
 Her eyes, her brow, her bosom kissing,
 And bidding her with many a blessing
 To hush her vain alarms.
 How fair that creature by his side!
 Who smiles with languid glee,
 Slow-kindling from a mother's pride!
 Oh! thou alone may'st be
 The mother of that fairy child.
 These tresses dark, these eyes so wild,
 That face with spirit beautified,
 She owes them all to thee.

Silent and still the sailors stand,
 To see the meeting strange that now befel.
 Unwilling sighs their manly bosoms swell,
 And o'er their eyes they draw the sun-burnt hand,
 To hide the tears that grace their cheek so well." p. 167, 168.

They then all retire to the romantic shades of their native
 Wales; and the piece concludes with another apostrophe to that
 fairy child, who seems to have chiefly possessed the raised imagi-
 nation of the author.

"O, happy parents of so sweet a child,
 Your share of grief already have you known;
 But long as that fair spirit is your own,
 To either lot you must be reconciled,
 Dear was she in yon palmy grove,
 When fear and sorrow mingled with your love,
 And oft you wished that she had ne'er been born;
 While, in the most delightful air
 Th' angelic infant sang, at times her voice,
 That seem'd to make even lifeless things rejoice,
 Woke, on a sudden, dreams of dim despair,
 As if it breathed, "For me, an orphan, mourn!"
 Now can they listen when she sings
 With mournful voice of mournful things,
 Almost too sad to hear;
 And when she chaunts her evening-hymn,
 Glad smile their eyes, even as they swim
 With many a gushing tear.
 Each day she seems to them more bright
 And beautiful,—a gleam of light
 That plays and dances o'er the shadowy earth!
 It fadeth not in gloom or storm,—
 For nature charter'd that ærial form
 In yonder fair Isle when she bless'd her birth!
 The Isle of Palms!—whose forests tower again,

Darkening with solemn shade the face of heaven!
 Now far away they like the clouds are driven,
 And as the passing night-wind dies my strain!" p. 178, 179.

We are rather unwilling to subjoin any remarks on a poem, of which, even from the slight account we have given of it, we are aware that the opinion of different readers will be so different. To those who delight in wit, sarcasm, and antithesis, the greater part of it will appear mere raving and absurdity;—to such as have an appetite chiefly for crowded incidents and complicated adventures, it will seem diffuse and empty;—and even by those who seek in poetry for the delineation of human feelings and affections, it will frequently be felt as too ornate and ostentatious. The truth is, that it has by far too much of the dreaminess and intoxication of the fancy about it, and is by far too much expanded; and though it will afford great delight to those who are most capable and most worthy of being delighted, there are none whom it will not sometimes dazzle with its glare, and sometimes weary with its repetitions.

The next poem in the volume is perhaps of a still more hazardous description. It is entitled 'The Angler's Tent;' and fills little less than thirty pages with the description of an afternoon's visit which the author had the pleasure of receiving from the simple inhabitants around Wast-Water, when he and Mr. Wordsworth and some other friends had pitched their tent on the banks of that sequestered lake, one beautiful Sunday, in the course of a fishing excursion among the mountains. It is one of the boldest experiments we have lately met with, of the possibility of maintaining the interest of a long poem without any extraordinary incident, or any systematic discussion: and, for our own parts, we are inclined to think that it is a successful one. There are few things, at least, which we have lately read, that have pleased or engaged us more than the picture of simple innocence and artless delight which is here drawn, with a truth and modesty of colouring far more attractive, in our apprehension, than the visionary splendours of the Isle of Palms. The novelty of the white tent, gleaming like an evening cloud by the edge of the still waters, had attracted the curiosity of the rustic worshippers, it seems, as they left the little chapel in the dell; and they came in successive groupes, by land and by water, to gaze on the splendid apparition. The kind-hearted anglers received them with all the gentleness and hospitality of Isaac Walton himself; and we sincerely compassionate the reader who is not both touched and soothed with the following amiable representation.

"And thus our tent a joyous scene became,
 Where loving hearts from distant vales did meet

As at some rural festival, and greet
 Each other with glad voice and kindly name.
 Here a pleased daughter to her father smiled,
 With fresh affection in her soften'd eyes;
 He in return look'd back upon his child
 With gentle start and tone of mild surprise :
 And on his little grandchild, at her breast,
 An old man's blessing and a kiss bestow'd,
 Or to his cheek the lisp'ing baby prest,
 Light'ning the mother of her darling load;
 While comely matrons, all sedately ranged
 Close to their husbands, or their children's side,
 A neighbour's friendly greeting interchanged,
 And each her own with frequent glances eyed,
 And raised her head in all a mother's harmless pride.
 Happy were we among such happy hearts !
 And to inspire with kindness and love
 Our simple guests, ambitiously we strove,
 With novel converse and endearing arts !
 The gray-hair'd men with deep attention heard,
 Viewing the speaker with a solemn face,
 While round our feet the playful children stirr'd
 And near their parents took their silent place,
 Listening with looks where wonder breathed a glowing grace,
 And much they gazed with never-tired delight
 On varnish'd rod, with joints that shone like gold,
 And silken line on glittering reel enroll'd,
 To infant anglers a most wondrous sight !
 Scarce could their chiding parents then control
 Their little hearts in harmless malice gay,
 But still one, bolder than his fellows, stole
 To touch the tempting treasures where they lay.
 What rapture glistened in their eager eyes,
 When, with kind voice, we bade these children take
 A precious store of well-dissembled flies,
 To use with caution for the strangers' sake !
 The unlook'd-for gift we graciously bestow
 With sudden joy the leaping heart o'erpowers ;
 They grasp the lines, while all their faces glow
 Bright as spring blossoms after sunny showers,
 And wear them in their hats like wreaths of valley flowers !”

p. 197, 199

The following picture of the mountain damsels is equally engaging.

“ Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,
 And eyes of laughing light, that glisten'd fair
 Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,

Each maidens's health and purity bespeak.
 Following the impulse of their simple will,
 No thought had they to give or take offence :
 Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,
 And fearless in the strength of innocence.
 Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke
 To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile
 Like sudden sunshine o'er their faces broke,
 And with it struggling blushes mix'd the while.
 And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,
 Breath'd in this maiden's ear some harmless jest
 Would make her, for one moment, on the ground
 Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest
 To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast."

p. 205, 206.

The delighted guests depart by moonlight ; and while they are climbing the shadowy hills, their entertainers raise a splendid bonfire to light them on their way, and hear new clamours of acclamation ring round all the awakened echoes. The following are some of the concluding reflections, which not only do great honour to Mr. Wilson's powers of composition, but show him to be habitually familiar with thoughts and affections, far more to be envied than the fading renown that genius has ever won for her votaries.

" Yet, though the strangers and their tent have past
 Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind,
 Their image lives in many a guiltless mind,
 And long within the shepherd's cot shall last.
 Oft when, on winter night, the crowded seat
 Is closely wheel'd before the blazing fire,
 Then will he love with grave voice to repeat
 (He, the gray-headed venerable sire,)
 The conversation he with us did hold
 On moral subjects, he had studied long ;
 And some will jibe the maid who was so bold
 As sing to strangers readily a song.
 Then they unto each other will recal
 Each little incident of that strange night,
 And give their kind opinion of us all.
 God bless their faces smiling in the light
 Of their own cottage-hearth ! O, fair subduing sight !"

p. 215, 216.

The same tenderness of thought and warmth of imagination are visible in the lines addressed to a Sleeping Child ; from which we shall make a few detached extracts. It begins,

" Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life embue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream!"

" Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of extacy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the seraphim?"

" Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again, as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate hath order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul."

" Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd
The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.
While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eye-lash mov'd with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awak'st,—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in extacy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine

With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity."

We have now quoted enough, we believe, to give our readers a pretty just idea of the character of Mr. Wilson's poetry. We shall add but one little specimen of his blank verse; which seems to us to be formed, like that of all his school, on the model of Akenside's; and to combine, with a good deal of his diffuseness, no ordinary share of its richness and beauty. There are some fine solemn lines on the Spring, from which we take the following, almost at random.

"———The great Sun,
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
By nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blest deliverer!—Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?

———Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.
The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hopes ambitious, the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like departing clouds, and leave the soul
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven." p. 249, 250.

There is a very sweet and touching monody on the death of Grahame, the much-lamented and most amiable author of the 'Sabbath' and other poems; from which we shall indulge ourselves by making one more extract. The moral character of Mr. Wilson's poetry is, throughout, very much the same with that of the friend he here commemorates; and, in this particular piece, he has fallen very much into his manner also.

"Some chosen books by pious men compos'd,
Kept from the dust, in every cottage lie
Through the wild loneliness of Scotia's vales,
Beside the Bible, by whose well-known truths
All human thoughts are by the peasant tried.
O blessed privilege of nature's bard!
To cheer the house of virtuous poverty,
With gleams of light more beautiful than oft
Play o'er the splendours of the palace wall.
Methinks I see a fair and lovely child
Sitting composed upon his mother's knee,
And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from the Sabbath, while the tears
Stand in his little eyes so softly blue,
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs
Most infantine, within her gladden'd breast,
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,
Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dam.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,
And asks him if he doth remember still
The stranger who once gave him, long ago,
A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!
His sobs speak fond remembrance, and he weeps
To think so kind and good a man should die." p. 411, 412.

We now lay aside this volume with regret: for though it has many faults, it has a redeeming spirit, both of fancy and of kindness, about it, which will not let them be numbered. It has, moreover, the charm of appearing to be written less from ambition of praise, than from the direct and genuine impulse of the feelings which it expresses; and though we cannot undertake to defend it from the scorn of the learned, or the ridicule of the witty, we are very much mistaken if it does not afford a great deal of pleasure to many persons almost as well worth pleasing.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

" *Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam.*"

" *One Night!*" which was begun "*One Day,*" and is now brought to a Conclusion without being Finished; yet containing some Things worth beginning, which, like Eternity, will have no End. Amongst others, the singular Opinions of the Author himself; and last, not least, a practical Illustration of the Art of Procrastination. 1 vol. 12mo. 1812.

IT will be difficult to characterize this work by any description or analysis which should convey to the reader any thing like an adequate notion of its contents. From the first half-dozen pages we might be tempted to suppose it was written in answer to, or from the suggestion of, the popular work of *Thinks I to myself*, and there is, indeed, in pages 40, 41, and 42, some ironical allusion to several parts of that production; beyond that, however, the author of *One Night* stands free from all obligation to his precursor. The only peculiarity of the work before us, which, can be easily exemplified in this account, is, that the author in the commencement professes his intention of informing the reader by what accident it was that he entered the family of Sir Peter Pix, and he begins his account with the words *One Night*, but contrives, through the whole of the volume, to start off into some digression as often as he mentions those words, so that the work at last closes without the reader's knowing what it was that really happened on that *One Night*, the relation of which is repeatedly begun but never finished. *Ab uno disce omnes*—and we will, therefore, extract as a specimen the way in which he begins this procrastinated story:—

" One sight, just as the clock struck twelve, and the watchman had gone to sleep after counting the hour, and the street-brawler was hastening home to bed, and the street-nymph was retiring from her nocturnal orgies, and the rogue was commencing his, and his victims were snoring in their first sleep; just at this dead hour, this awful moment of time which the writers of the horrid and the terrible choose for the appearance of their ghosts, their bloody daggers, their clanking chains, and their yawning dungeons of impenetrable gloom; at this hour, which tolls the knell of a departed day, and announces the coming in of a new one; which, once a week, brings freedom to the trembling debtor whom awe of duns, and bailiffs—than duns more terrible—confines to his solitary chamber; this important hour which spreads peace and rest to half the world—this solemn—

" If there be a situation in the world which is truly pitiable on the one hand, and truly ludicrous on the other, I have often *thought to myself*, it is that where a man works himself and his reader into a high state of expectation by climax after climax, and when he is just at the

top of the ladder finds himself unable to go any further—makes a dead stop—and either stays where he is, or falls back again, by some "lame and impotent conclusion," into greater dulness than he rose from. It is like a singer, who, ascending to a high pitch of voice, gives a sort of promise, which every body accepts, of a still higher reach, but suddenly drops a whole octave lower, and we all know what a disappointment that is. One thing is certain, to be sure; every person may avoid such a bathos, by weighing well the quality and extent of his powers, and, like an able tactician abstaining from every attempt beyond them. This is our first duty: but when we happen to neglect this, there still remains another, which is what I now mean to discharge: viz. when we find ourselves engaged in an undertaking beyond our powers to complete, prudently to retire from the contest, and rather leave it unfinished than finish it with inadequacy. Farewell then to my ascending climax upon the midnight hour of twelve: and welcome the more humble strain of narrative that follows.

"Reason is an admirable faculty! and in nothing more admirable than in the power which it gives us of vindicating our own conduct. I never knew a man in my life, however foolish, or absurd, or guilty his actions may have been, who was fairly unable to say something in his own defence. Plausible, or not plausible, just, or not just, we can always twist an argument into a sort of shield to cover our defects; and the only difference between the clown and the wit on these occasions is, that the one manufactures a shield of straw while the other produces one of tinsel, shining in our eyes so as to dazzle, but without superior strength to resist the attacks of wisdom.

"One night—(I dare say the reader, if he has any curiosity, rejoices to meet with these words of promise once again)—when all our family were quietly retired to rest, and the sound of my father's hammer no longer echoed through the house, nor the shrill accents of my mother's voice accompanied the heavy and quick returning thump of the said hammer, nor my obstreperous gambols joined in the general hubbub, nor—pish!—how difficult it is for a man of genius to descend. I protest I have just fallen into the same ambition of sublimity as before, and that too without the slightest consciousness of what I was doing—a true sign of natural impulse—but I will desist, only begging the reader to observe the superiority of my sad genius, and to note with what dexterity I have varied the concomitants and signs of midnight on this second occasion. Well then, to avoid prolixity, which is a fault I mortally abhor in writing, and in speaking too, especially in public speaking—(I wish some of our parliamentary orators hated it as much, for you must know, reader, that I am a reporter, and therefore interested in the length of their speeches, especially towards three o'clock in the morning, after being in the gallery of the House of Commons from 12 the preceding day)—I shall proceed to relate, with unvarnished simplicity, what I have been so long attempting to begin. I am resolved not to be led astray again, by any *ignis fatuus* of discursive and collateral disquisition.

"One night—blessed words says the impatient reader—but whither

will you lead me?—One night, when we were all fast asleep and snoring, at least my father was, for it was a villainous trick he had with his nose, and I have heard him declare my mother's nose was just as musical, so it is a fair presumption that they were both snoring, and, as we know that we derive many of our physical habits from our parents, at least Haller says so, and I am not arrogant enough to dispute the authority of so great a physiologist, there is every ground for logically inferring that I, being their child, and no doubt conceived in a snore—(I was certainly snored to many a time during the nine months of my gestation)—was performing on the same wind instrument at the same identical period of time as my honoured father and mother were playing on their bassoons; and thus the reader will readily perceive, without my pointing it out to him, the just and accurate, at least the probably just and accurate—and a high degree of probability amounts to moral certainty—nature of the expression I used above, namely, not only that we were all fast asleep, but all snoring. The reconciling of these apparently problematical matters, should never be neglected by a writer who aspires not only to please the imagination, but to satisfy the reason of his readers. Suppose for instance—

Good God! who will dare to deny the truth of that maxim which we have so often heard urged by moralists as a cause why we should be cautious in our conduct, viz. that no man certainly knows the scope of his intentions, when he beholds in me so striking an instance of its truth?—Have I not said, and have I not meant to perform what I said, that I would continue my narrative without one more aberration, without one more divergent course from the main road of my text? And yet look at me now! Here am I at the end of my third chapter, and the reader knows no more how I came to be an inmate of Six Peter Pix's family, or to what the often used monosyllables "one night" refer, than he did at the commencement of this chapter. Sad incertitude of human affairs! Melancholy proof of the instability of man's mind! Deplorable instance of the mutability of things! I will not regret, however, that it has happened if I *can think to myself*, that any one who reads this volume has learned, from its occurrence, to rectify his notions of moral conduct, and to form the firm resolve of doing that, in this life, which he ought to do, without turning to the right or left in his progress, without listening to the syrens which beset his course, and which tempt him to deviate, but whose temptations he cannot yield to without finding himself, at the end, a loser, and a serious loser in the great account of human actions."

From this sample the reader may form some idea of the manner in which the professed object of the narrative is evaded throughout the whole work, by introducing accidental tales, anecdotes, and opinions. We find also, at p. 163, the fragment of a satire entitled *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twelve*, in which Mr. Walter Scott is thus invoked:

"Stand forth thou minstrel of the simp'ring throng,
King of eight syllables and feudal song;

Stand forth thou idol of the weak and vain,
Who pertly prattle o'er thy battle strain;
Who sigh and weep, and swear thy fluent line
Surpasses all the labours of the Nine.
Stand forth——"

We have room only for one extract more, and that one shall be the character of the late Mr. Perceval, which we think is drawn with some fidelity.

"The talent which Mr. Perceval possessed in debate was a dexterity in reply, which never forsook him. He was an acute arguer, with some degree of sophistry. The feeble parts of his adversary's attack he was sure to note, and through that feeble part he commonly made a breach by which he was enabled to assault the stronger holds of defence. His logical precision of conception was sometimes confused by a verbosity of expression. His mind was untired. The whole weight of the administration rested upon him, for his colleagues in office were quite unable to cope with the opposition; and he displayed a degree of skill and firmness in managing the House of Commons which few persons believed him to possess. The entire developement, indeed, of his character as a minister was produced by circumstances as they arose; and no man perhaps ever won opinion from prejudice more perseveringly or more successfully than he did. There was an appearance of candour and sincerity in his manner, which irresistibly prepossessed those who saw and heard him; so much so, that I believe I may safely affirm, he never embraced any opinion, or continued to act upon any opinion, but from a firm and unfeigned conviction of its propriety. "His errors," said Mr. Canning, "were the errors of a virtuous mind."

"One art he pre-eminently possessed: that of conciliating those whom he opposed. He never seemed to argue with anger. Conscious that he had a right to maintain his own sentiments, he always appeared to act as if he felt that the same right belonged to every other individual. He completely exemplified the maxim, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*. He played about an opponent, but always made advances: he smiled at him with the very spirit of benevolence, but never failed while he smiled to aim the blow he was intending. In subtlety he was certainly unequalled in the House of Commons; but it must be allowed he had the common fault of too much refinement—he sometimes so spiritualized his ideas, that he was not always intelligible. He possessed considerable powers of raillery, which he knew exactly when to apply, and he applied them in a manner that amused rather than offended. He was often sarcastic too, and sometimes bitterly so. I have seen him most triumphantly successful in sarcasm against an Honourable Baronet, and especially on a very recent occasion, upon that Honourable Baronet's antipathy to the horse-guards. Even in the very last speech he delivered, that upon Mr. Brand's motion for Parliamentary Reform (Friday, May 8th), he was very happy in replying to some members who had inveighed against ministerial majorities, as composed chiefly of place-men and pensioners. The suavity of his

manner, however, never forsook him : and it was hardly possible to be offended with a man who never seemed to wish to offend any one. Whoever has watched his public life must have been often struck with the extraordinary skill and energy with which he constantly met the united attacks of the opposition : never dismayed, never disconcerted, never reduced to the necessity of surrender. On nights of important debate, he would sit a whole evening through, listen to the speeches on both sides, rise at two or three o'clock in the morning, and with almost incredible vivacity and dexterity reply to them all ; and if he did not always produce conviction, he at least removed many doubts and many objections.

“ With regard to the policy of his measures, it is not my intention to say any thing : I shall conclude by observing, that, take him altogether, I know not the man who is capable of filling exactly the same station. Perhaps, indeed, there may be some one thus capable, whom circumstances and an opportunity may draw forth, as they did Mr. Perceval : but, at the present moment, such a man does not politically exist.”

FROM THE SAME.

Poetical Vagaries ; containing an Ode to *We*, a Hackneyed Critic ; Low Ambition, or the Life and Death of Mr. Daw ; a Reckoning with Time ; the Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig ; Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt. By George Colman, the younger. 1 vol. 4to. 1812.

ALL who have read the former work of this writer, *My Night-gown and Slippers*, and remember the wit and humour which distinguished that production, will turn with no ordinary curiosity to a similar work from the same pen. We will venture to assure Mr. Colman, that the present volume will add largely to his reputation in the opinion of all those who relish wit and sprightliness. We will not, however, indulge in general encomiums, but do that which will be more acceptable to the reader, extract for his amusement some of the many happy passages which are scattered throughout the volume.

The Ode to *WE*, a *hackneyed critic*, has the least interest of any, but we find in *Low Ambition, or The Life and Death of Mr. Daw*, every thing to remind us of the facetious muse of George Colman. Mr. Daw, the reader must know, was a gentleman singularly remarkable for the ugliness of his person and face ; but he had merit and he had ambition. His merit lay in the exquisite accuracy with which he personated, on the stage, bulls, boars, and tigers. Put him into the bellies of either of those animals, and he became immediately a first-rate performer. There was his merit. But Mr. Daw had ambition also, and that ambi-

tion was to be without a rival in his peculiar path of excellence. It happened, however, that an elephant was to be introduced on the stage, and one man being introduced between its pasteboard sides would evidently be unable to move it. Mr. Daw, therefore, was to have a partner on this occasion, and in that partner he saw a rival, for reasons which will be better told in our author's own words:—

A pasteboard elephant, of monstrous size,
Was form'd to bless a learned nation's eyes,
And charm the sage theatrical resorters;
And, as two men were necessary in it,
It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,
That Mr. Daw should fill the hinder quarters.

The *HINDER quarters* !!!—here was degradation!
Gods! mighty Daw!—what was thy indignation!

He swore a tragic oath—"by her who bore him!"
(Meaning the dresser of the tragic queens)
"No individual behind the scenes,
Should walk in any elephant *before* him.

"He'd rather live on husks,
Or dine upon his nails,
Than quit first parts, under the trunks, and tusks,
And stoop to second rates, beneath the tails!

"'Twas due to his celebrity, at least,
If he should so far condescend
To represent the *moiety* of a beast,
That he should have the right to choose *which end*."

The managers were on the stage,
To whom he thus remonstrated, in rage.

"I've been chief lion and first tiger, here,
For fifteen year;—
That you may tell me, matters not a souse;
But what is more,
All London says I am the greatest boar
You ever had, in all your house.

"Of all *Insides*, the town likes me the best;
Over my head no underling shall jump
I'll play your front legs, shoulders, neck, and breast,
But damn me if I act your loins and rump!"

Though this address was coarser than jack-towels,
Although the speaker's face made men abhor him,

Yet, when a man acts nothing else but bowels,
The managers might have some bowels for him ;

And if obdurate managers *could* feel
A little more than flint or steel,—
If they had any heart,
On hearing such a forcible appeal,
They might have let the man reject the part.

All the head manager said to it,
Was simply thus, "Daw, you must do it."

And, after all, the manager was right ;
But how to make the fact appear
Incontrovertible and clear,
And place it in its proper light,—
Puzzles me quite !

Come, let me try.—Reader, 'twould make you sweat,
(You'll pardon the expression)
To see two fellows get,
With due discretion,—
One upright, one aslant,—
Into the entrails of an elephant :

For, if you'll have the goodness to reflect
On the construction of these huge brute creatures,
You'll see the man in front must walk erect ;
While he who goes behind must bend,
Stooping, and bringing down his features,
Over the front man's latter end :—
And the beast's shape requires, particularly,
The tallest man to march first, perpendicularly.

Now, the new inside man, you'll find,
Was taller by a head than Daw ;
Therefore 'twas fit that Daw should walk behind,
According both to equity and law.

Daw, for a time, with jealousy was rack'd,
And with his rival wouldn't act ;
Nevertheless,
Like other politicians in the nation,
Who can't have all their wishes,
He chose, at last, to *coalesce*,
Rather than lose his situation,
And give up all the loaves and fishes.

The house was cramm'd,—the elephant appear'd—
With three times three, the elephant was cheer'd ;
Shouts and huzzas the ear confound !

The building rings—the building rocks—
 The elephant the pit, the elephant each box,
 The elephant, the galleries resound !

The elephant walk'd down,
 Before the lamps, to fascinate the town.

Daw, with his ugly face inclined
 Just over his tall rival's skirts,
 Bore, horizontally in mind
 His self-love's bruises, and ambition's hurts.

Hating the man by whom he was disgraced,
 Who from his cap had pluck'd the choicest feather,
 He bit him in the part where honour's placed,
 Till his teeth met together.

On this attack from the ferocious Daw,
 Upon his *Pais Bas*,
 The man, unable to conceal his pain,
 Roar'd and writhed,
 Roar'd and writhed,
 Roar'd and writhed, and roar'd again !

That beasts should roar is neither new nor queer,
 But, on a repetition of the spite,
 How was the house electrified to hear
 The elephant say,—“Curse you, Daw, don't bite !”

Daw persever'd :—unable to get out,
 The tall man faced about,
 And with great force the mighty Daw assail'd ;—
 Both, in the dark, were now at random fighting,
 Huffing and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting,—
 Though neither of the combatants prevail'd.

It was the strongest precedent, by far,
 In ancient, or in modern story,
 Of such a desperate *intestine war*,
 Waged in so small a territory !

And, in this civil brawl, like any other,
 Where every man in arms his country shatters,
 The two inhabitants thump'd one another,
 Till they had torn the elephant to tatters ;—
 And, thus uncased, the rival actors
 Stood bowing to their generous benefactors.

Uproar ensued !—from every side,
 Scene-shifters ran to gather up the hide ;
 While the two bowels in dismay,
 Hiss'd, hooted, damn'd, and pelted—walk'd away.

Reader, if you would further know,
 The history of Mr. Daw, 'tis brief ;—
 He died, not many months ago,
 Of mortified Ambition, and of grief :
 For when *live* duadrupeds usurp'd the stage,
 And which are now, (but may'nt be long) the *rage*,
 He went to bed,
 And never, afterwards, held up his head.
 Awhile he languish'd, looking pale and wan ;
 Then, dying, said,—“ Daw's occupation 's gone !”

If any one can read this extract without giving to its author his full tribute of laughter, we can only say we do not envy him his powers of forbearance.

The next poem is *The Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarney-gig*, an exquisite and happy satire upon the tuneful, but unmeaning couplets of Mr. Walter Scott. It is, in fact, a rich and humorous parody upon his ‘*Lady of the Lake*.’ It is impossible, by any description, to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which this parody is carried on. They who would know it, must read the work ; we can only attempt partially to gratify curiosity by the following admirable extract :

“ The egg is daintiest when 'tis swallow'd new,*
 And love is sweetest in the honey-moon ;
 The egg grows musty kept a whole month through,
 And marriage bliss will turn to strife as soon.

“ O butter'd egg ! best eaten with a spoon,
 I bid your yelk glide down my throat's red lane,†
 Emblem of love and strife in wedlock's boon !”

* The *tournure* of thought, in this stanza, is, confessedly, indebted to that sweet commencement of the fourth canto in the *Lady of the Lake*, where a bridegroom “*stands a wakeful sentinel*,”—and then *plucks a rose*. What a happiness ! what an elegant novelty in that idea !—to make the bridegroom perform the usual business of the bride !—to convert the expression of “*plucking a rose*,” which has hitherto been figuratively applied to the mystic garden irrigations of a lady, into a much more proper matter-of-fact operation of a gentleman.

“ *The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,*” &c. &c.

See *Lady of the Lake*,—4th Canto.

† Young Norman says to the Rose,—(how pretty to talk to a rose !)

“ *I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave.*”

If the weather were quite calm, he probably shook his head, with his bonnet on ; otherwise it may be supposed he had much less chance of being obeyed by the rose, than Sir Tooleywhagg by the egg, who was popping it down his throat with a spoon.

Thus spoke at breakfast the O'Shaughnashane,
What time his bride, in bed, napping full late was lain.

Conceits more fond than this he pour'd,*
Conceits with which false taste is stored;
Such as, of late, alas! are broach'd
By those who have the spot approach'd
Where Poesy once cradled lay,
And stolen her baby-clothes away:—
Conceits, in song's primeval dress,
Of, oh! such pretty prettiness!
That the inveigling beldame muse
Seems a sham virgin from the stews;
Or, in her second childhood wild,
The doting nurse that apes the child.
With such conceits, such feathery lead,†
Which either may be sung or said,
Mock fancy fill'd the bridegroom's head; }
While the first egg-shell he scoop'd clean,
Since he a married man had been.
'Twas only on the night before
That Father Murtoch, of Killmore,
Had join'd him to his all in all,
Judy Fitz Gallyhogmagawl.

Revered by all was Murtoch's worth
Though mystery involved his birth:‡
For when his mother, on a mat,
Watching a corpse, at midnight, sat,
The body rose and strain'd her charms,
Almost two minutes, in its arms.
From which embrace too soon she found

* "Such fond conceit, *half said, half sung.*"

Lady of the Lake, 4th Canto.

† "O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

FEATHER OF LEAD, *bright smoke!*" &c.

Thus says Shakspeare of Love: but far be it from the author of this idle poem to speak thus, *generally*, of the *Lady of the Lake*!

‡ See *Brian*, the priest, (*Lady of the Lake*, Canto 3d)—In a note, relative to this personage, proving that the idea of his origin arose from a traditional story, a curious passage is quoted from *Macfarlane*, who gives an account of one *Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich*. This tooth-breaking name signifies the *Black Child, son to the Bones*.

The black child's mamma went to a hill, one day, on a party of pleasure, with "both wenches and youthes," to gather the bones of dead men!—and they made a fire on the spot. "At last, they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench: she being quietlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or *thereby*, to warm her; a wind did come, and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-child." How much more appropriately than *Aeneas* might *Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich* have invoked the "*cineres et ossa parentis*!"

Her face grow long, her waist grow round,
 'Till, prudes first tattling o'er her fate,
 Bid scorn proclaim her in a state
 Which women wish to be 'tis said,
 Who love their lords before they're dead.
 Exact at midnight, nine months o'er,
 A little skeleton she bore.
 Soon as produced, amid the gloom,
 Two glow-worms crept into the room,
 Up to its skull began to rise,
 The sockets fill'd, and gave it eyes.
 O'er every joint did spiders rove,
 Where busily their webs they wove;
 The cabin smoke their texture thin
 Soon thicken'd, 'till it form'd a skin,
 "Now it may pass," the mother cried,
 "May pass for human!"—and she died.
 This tale was told by age and youth;
 But who can vouch for rumour's truth?
 And yet, though falsehood quick is hatch'd,
 'Tis certain, when the corpse she watch'd,
 She watch'd alone; or watch'd at least,
 With no one save a reverend priest;
 Whose duty 'twas to see the clay
 Mingled with kindred earth, next day.
 True, he was ruddy, tall, and stout,
 And young—but then he was devout.
 A rigid, stanch, and upright soul,
 And excellent upon the whole.
 Much could he have divulged, but fled
 From questioning, and shook his head.
 Yet, once it hapt, when closely task'd,
 With much solemnity he ask'd,
 "If unbegotten 'tis by me,
 Whose but the corpse's *can* it be?"
 This speech, that spread from roof to roof,
 To Irishmen was certain proof:
 Proof that,—when mooted whether shade
 Or substance can have forced a maid,—
 Not he who still life's course must run,
 But that a dead man gets a son."

The reader will judge from this specimen what the sort of irony is employed against the northern minstrel, but we must repeat that only a very inadequate idea can be formed of the excellence of the whole from the perusal of any of its parts. The volume concludes with the *Two Parsons, or The Tale of a Shirt*; the incidents of which are unfortunately too trite to please much, though decorated with all the humourous fancies of George Colman.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The life and administration of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval ; including a copious narrative of every event of importance, foreign and domestic, from his entrance into public life to the present time ; a detail of his assassination, &c. with the probable consequences of the sudden overthrow of the remains of the administration, &c. ; and a developement of the delicate investigation. Embellished with an accurate likeness, the only one ever taken. By Charles Verulam Williams, esq. 1 vol. 1812.

THE death of this lamented statesman which, to use the words of Marquis Wellesley, threw around him all the lustre of martyrdom, would naturally be followed by some attempt to gratify curiosity as to his public life. The time is evidently too recent for any thing like an impartial estimate of his political character ; but a detailed account of his ministerial acts was what would be eagerly sought, and what will be readily found in the present volume. Mr. Williams has collected together from various public documents, a sufficiently interesting mass of materials, well qualified also to meet the first and momentary wishes of the public. The career of Mr. Perceval as a minister, is distinctly marked ; but it were desirable that his early life could have been more minutely exhibited. In addition to what relates specifically to Mr. Perceval, we have an account also of the trial, defence, and execution of Bellingham, some guesses at the *delicate investigation*, the correspondence between Mr. Canning, Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Liverpool, subsequently to the death of Mr. Perceval, the principal speeches on the first motion of Mr. Wortley in the house of commons, and some reflections upon the probable consequences of Mr. Perceval's death, and the *overthrow of his administration*. Upon the latter subject it is a pity the author's sagacity should be nugatory, for, *mirabile dictu* ! Mr. Perceval's administration still stands, *corpus sine pectore*. The aristocratical haughtiness and the lofty pretensions of Lords Grey and Greenville have defeated themselves ; in their eagerness to grasp at every thing they have gained nothing ; and the country, we suspect, hardly laments to find itself rescued from the hands of an oligarchial faction. Let it never be forgotten, when the future historian shall relate the events of the present day, that two men, who professed to stand up for the dearest rights of their fellow subjects, who sounded from one end of the kingdom to the other the oppressed state of four millions of catholics, who maintained that our efforts in the Peninsula were calculated only to aggravate the evils of war rather than to redress them, who asserted that the whole policy of the government tended only to the ruin of

the country ; let it never be forgotten, that those two men, when power was offered to them, with full liberty to carry whatever measures they might conceive calculated to counteract the pernicious system against which they had for many years inveighed, refused to take power, refused to do all that good which they professed themselves able and willing to do ; refused to conciliate Ireland, to save England, to redeem the Spanish cause, to revive our commerce, and to restore amity with America—for what ? because they were not permitted, *in limite*, to disjoint the household ; because, though all these great questions were laid at their feet, they were not told, as a preliminary, whether they might turn out two of the household officers. Such is the consistency of a modern whig ! This is not the place to pursue any thing like an extended enquiry into the probable motives of their conduct, or it would be no difficult matter to shew that they acted throughout from the dictates of a proud and measureless ambition, which would first enslave the throne before it would consent to serve it. To return, however, to our immediate object.

The volume before us, though hastily produced, has a good deal in it which deserves notice, especially at the present moment, when many of the topics which it embraces are still agitated by the public mind. We shall extract, as a specimen, the following passage, which relates to one of the most remarkable events of Mr. Perceval's life.

“ Developement of the Delicate Investigation.”

“ Few indeed have been the ministers who have distinguished themselves by their literary productions, or whose names have been handed down to posterity by any other medium than their measures in the cabinet. But this does not appear to have been the fate of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. One, at least, of his performances in the closet, equally with those in the cabinet or the grand council of the nation, it seems, will be in a great measure known to future ages, by means of A MOST MYSTERIOUS BOOK. This book, the real contents of which have indeed been seen by very few, has been the cause of several attempts to impose something else upon the public, as being ‘THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK’, and the history of certain transactions between some exalted personages, &c. but without any ground whatever beyond conjecture, founded upon the general knowledge of a disagreement between the parties, &c. We shall now trace these rumours to their source, and, aided by the clue of probability, explore a labyrinth of error and perplexity, till we arrive at a more evident degree of certainty upon the subject than has hitherto been obtained.

“ In the year 1806, during the existence of the Talent Administration, it for the first time transpired, that very serious disputes existed between the Prince and his royal consort, and that his Majesty corresponded with the Princess upon the subject, and finally issued his com-

mand, that an investigation should take place, and which was accordingly undertaken by a special committee chosen from a certain number of noblemen.

“On the part of one of these eminent personages, the whole of this business was conducted by Mr. Perceval, and when concluded, it was Mr. Perceval that caused the whole proceedings to be thrown into the form of a book, and two large impressions of them to be printed, notwithstanding every individual person engaged in this business was sworn to observe the most inviolable secrecy !!

“That it was the object of Mr. Perceval in his proceedings relative to the Book, from its first composition, to secure to himself the high office he filled, can no longer be doubted. In vain was the anxiety of persons expressed for its publication; for, from the moment it suited Mr. Perceval's purpose to conceal it, it was determined the public should not be gratified. One or two copies for his royal master, as far as Mr. Perceval knew, were sufficient for his purpose. The Book was the stepping-stone to the late minister's ambition, and he saw and availed himself of the moment when any thing he chose to ask could not be denied. The contents of the Book were concealed as a sacred deposit, and Mr. Perceval kept the key; and thus for a while seemed to consider himself a king of kings !

“On this high ground, feeling himself without a rival, which Mr. Perceval could brook as little as any man in power, he went on nearly three years before he attended to the whispers that some copies of the MYSTERIOUS BOOK were in the hands of several persons. This rising uneasiness, it is supposed, produced the following advertisement.

‘THE BOOK.—Any person having in their possession a CERTAIN Book, printed by Mr. Edwards, in 1807, but *never published*, with W. Lindsell's name as the seller of the same on the title-page, and will bring it to W. Lindsell, bookseller, Wimpole-street, will receive a handsome gratuity.’—*Times Paper*, 27th March, 1809.

“Mr. Perceval's fears on this head were not groundless; for several persons, encouraged by the large sums asked by a few holders of the book, came forward; some received five hundred, some eight, and one person fifteen hundred guineas for a copy. In fact, it is supposed that not less than twenty thousand pounds were expended in buying up, and in concealing Mr. Perceval's MYSTERIOUS BOOK from the public eye.

“But in spite of all these precautions, it was Mr. Perceval's fate to be again visited with dreadful forebodings, in relation to the Book, only a short time before his decease, when the Bill for making provision for the Princesses was before the Commons. He then sent for every person whom he knew was acquainted with the Book, and expressed his apprehensions that its contents had been improperly divulged. As it might be expected on such an occasion, these persons attested their innocence, and Mr. Perceval either was, or pretended to be, satisfied.

“All this, upon which the public may rely, ought to convince them likewise of the little reliance that should be placed upon what has been

called, 'The Spirit of the Book,' or any other publication, which has pretended to narrate a history of the difference between two exalted personages.

"Relative to what has been said in Parliament with respect to this MYSTERIOUS BOOK, we shall refer to what was said respecting the Prince Regent's Message, delivered on Wednesday, March 20, relative to provision for the Princesses, when referring to the speech of Mr. Bennett, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that 'with regard to the separation of the royal persons alluded to, he should say nothing. He might, and did lament it as much as any one could, but neither as a minister, nor in any other character, did he feel himself called upon to say any thing on the subject. (*Hear, hear, hear!*)—As to what had been said respecting the grant of the 10,000*l.* additional to the Queen, the committee must be aware, that it was entirely of a different nature from that now under consideration. Its object was to enable the Queen to meet expenses which she would be likely to incur unconnected in any manner with the Princesses. There was no increase in the civil list of the Prince of Wales above that of the King, on the contrary, there was a diminution.

'Mr. Whitbread defended his hon. friend (Mr. Bennett) from the charge of inconsistency, and thought it most natural that he should wish to see the Princess of Wales placed in that situation in which he believed every person in the country wished to see her. It was rather alarming to understand from the right hon. gentleman, that if a reconciliation should take place in a quarter where every one must desire it, the right hon. gentleman would have to come down to the House to ask a new grant. There was no impropriety in enquiring as to the situation of the Princess of Wales. The right hon. gentleman has said, that he would state nothing, as a minister, on the subject; but the time was, when the right hon. gentleman was not only willing to give information to every subject in the country, *but had a book ready*, which was to have gone not only through the public of this country, but through all Europe. *This Book* the right hon. gentleman has *since purchased up and suppressed*, for what reason he knew not. Undoubtedly, as counsel to her royal highness, he was in a situation the most natural to be called upon for information, though it was possible he might now remain mute, when he intended to have had ten thousand tongues. But the Princess of Wales was not only inferior to the Queen in point of real income, but the Queen had the advantage of being also on the establishment with her husband. The Princess of Wales, on the contrary, was living in retirement, at Blackheath, for as to separation, though he and others had used the word, the public knew nothing more than that she lived in retirement; and now they knew, that if ever matters came on a better footing, a fresh grant of money would be demanded. It had been said, that they might go into the enquiry on the civil list after the grant was made; but making the grant under such circumstances, was parting with an advantage to which he could not consent. He should concur with his right hon. friend (Mr. Ponsonby), in voting against the resolution.'

"Being further pressed on the subject by Mr. Tierney, the Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer said, that 'As to what he was bound to do as far as it affected his own character and conduct, he should always judge for himself. (*Hear, hear!*) He did not know with what view the right hon. gentleman now came forward, but he had no objection to state, that neither in his character as counsel to her royal highness, in which he had important duties to perform, nor as minister, nor in any other capacity, did he see any means of bringing a charge against her royal highness, nor did he entertain any opinion calculated to throw the slightest reflexion upon her, and further than this he should not state. As to the situation of her royal highness, he had no instruction to propose any additional grant; but if the right hon. gentleman, who now, for the first time, suggested it, could induce Parliament to think favourably of such a measure, he should be inclined, for one, to give that disposition its full effect.'

'Mr. Whitbread thought it extraordinary, that the right hon. gentleman (the Chancellor of the Exchequer), should recommend parliament to send a message to the Prince. He had stated, that he received no instruction to propose a grant to the Princess of Wales, that was, in other words, he had given no advice to that effect. They had heard the right hon. gentleman state but a few minutes ago, that no imputation could attach to her royal highness, but he should not forget, that she did at one time stand stigmatised, that he was once about to publish in her defence, but that she still remained unvindicated.

'The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, what he had stated with respect to the Princess of Wales, was, that neither in his situation as counsel to her royal highness, nor in any other character, was he conscious that there existed a ground of charge. He should always be prepared to make the same statement.'

"Upon this important debate it was observed at the time, that 'Mr. Perceval, the *pious* Mr. Perceval, had been the counsellor and friend of this illustrious, and, we believe, deeply injured personage—he had been the champion of her cause, and the public accuser of those suspected of having aimed a blow against her reputation and her happiness—he proclaimed her innocence, and defied her enemies to substantiate a single charge derogatory to her honour—yet the moment he had it in his power to serve her, and to prove the sincerity of his former professions, the *religious*, the *pious*, the *moral* Mr. Perceval, passes by his client with marked neglect—he abandons his friend—the 'illustrious and injured stranger' is forgotten: and in the intended arrangements for the comfort and dignity of the Princess of England, the wife of his royal master—the Princess Regent, the future Queen of the British Empire, is not noticed! not even once alluded to in the message from the throne, though that message was drawn up and presented to the legislature under the direction of her late counsellor and friend!—The tear may fall upon the cheek of injured beauty, but the *pious* Mr. Perceval will not stretch forth his hand to cheer the sufferer, lest he should lose his balance, and totter from the seat of power!! In the course of this debate, the reported *Separation*, the *Delicate Inquiry*, and the suppression of *The Book*, were all touched upon. At last, Mr. Perceval—the *pious*—the *tolerant* Mr. Perceval

rose, with, apparently great reluctance, and coldly declared, '*he could not recollect any thing which it was possible to bring as a charge against the Princess of Wales.*'—Now, this we conceive the important point; for a *total separation* has been much spoken of; and it has been roundly and very generally asserted, that the intended *measure of separation* was closely connected with Mr. Perceval's continuance in office; but as the minister cannot bring a charge of criminality, THERE CAN BE NO GROUND FOR THE SEPARATION—and this may ultimately preserve England from much distraction and calamity.

"This discussion, it was fondly imagined, would have been the means of bringing before the public the whole of that history which the three great counsellors of her royal highness, an illustrious duke, the present Lord Chancellor, and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought fit at the time (1806) to print, as the means of her justification. That the materials which Mr. Perceval printed, were considered as sufficient for her justification, were beyond all doubt.

"As to her royal highness's debts, it was perhaps in this respect rather illiberal to refer to the fetes and the parties at Blackheath to all the Percevals, and all the friends and favourites of the Percevals, including the Wilson's, &c.; her royal highness's liberality in christening presents to the little Percevals, and all their maids, and all their wet-nurses, and all their dry-nurses. It is admitted, that at Blackheath her royal highness became 50,000*l.* in debt. If, upon an enquiry into the items of that account, it will be found that the family of Mr. Perceval, then her hero, advocate, and champion, helped her to spend it, how does it become him to say that he has no provision to offer for her, and reproach those who consult her rights and the dignity of the throne with an interested interference, merely because they never partook of her bounty.

"Mr. Perceval, who knows right well the author of the mysterious book; Mr. Perceval, the *ci-devant* champion of the Princess of Wales, well acquainted with all the Delicate Investigation; Mr. Perceval, the Prince's favourite, and the Prime Minister of England, admitted in his place in the House of Commons, that her Royal Highness has come pure and untouched out of the fiery ordeal. Why, then, is she not admitted to enjoy, at least, the cold formalities of court *etiquette*, and the other exterior advantages of her exalted rank? This court *etiquette* may, no doubt, have no charms for her, but it would infuse life and health, and spirit, into thousands. Every tradesman in London has felt the beneficial effects of a birth-day ball, or a drawing-room at St. James's, even at the close of a reign, uniformly remarked for patriarchal simplicity in the Sovereign. Then, what a stimulus might be given to the declining trade of this great metropolis by a brilliant court, amply supplied as it is by the public, under the auspices of a Princess (now pronounced injured) amiable and blameless, and a Prince, always celebrated for taste, magnificence, and splendour.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

MASSACRE AT JAFFA.

DR. CLARKE in his travels through the Holy Land passed through Jaffa, the scene of the supposed massacre by Bonaparte. Of this he gives the following account, on which no comments are necessary. The testimony of this learned traveller, and of a captain of a man-of-war, with that of other gentlemen now living, must weigh against the uncertain reports of individuals not within two hundred miles of the spot :—

“ Jaffa appeared to be almost in as forlorn a state as Rama ; the air itself was still infected with the smell of unburied bodies. We went to the house of the English consul, whose gray hairs had not exempted him from French extortion. He had just ventured to hoist again the British flag upon the roof of his dwelling ; and he told us, with tears in his eyes, that it was the only proof of welcome he could offer us, as the French officers under Bonaparte, had stripped him of every thing he possessed. However, in the midst of all his complaints against the French, not a single syllable ever escaped his lips respecting the enormities supposed to be committed, by means of Bonaparte’s orders or connivance, in the town and neighbourhood of Jaffa. As there are so many living witnesses to attest the truth of this representation, and the character of no ordinary individual is so much implicated in its result, the utmost attention will be here paid to every particular likely to illustrate the fact ; and for this especial reason, *because that individual is our enemy*. At the time we were in Jaffa, so soon after the supposed transactions are said to have occurred, the indignation of our Consul, and of the inhabitants in general, against the French, were of so deep a nature, that there is nothing they would not have said to vilify Bonaparte, or his officers ; but this accusation they never even hinted. Nor is this all. Upon the evening of our arrival at Jaffa, walking with Captain Culverhouse along the shore to the south of the town, in order to join some of our party who were gone in search of plants and shells,

a powerful and most offensive smell, as from dead bodies, which we had before experienced more than once, in approaching the town, caused us to hesitate whether we should proceed or return. At this moment the author observed the remains of bodies in the sand ; and Captain Culverhouse being in doubt whether they belonged to human bodies, or those of cattle, removed a part of the sand with his sword, and uncovered part of a hand and arm. Upon this, calling to our friends, we told them what we had discovered ; and returning to the Consul's house, asked him the cause of the revolting spectacle we had witnessed. He told us, that these were the remains of bodies carried thither, during the late plague, for interment ; but that the sea, frequently removing the sand which covered them, caused them to be thus exposed ; and he cautioned us in future against walking that way, as the infection might possibly be retained, not only by those bodies, but by the clothes, and other things there deposited.

"Some years after, Captain Wright, who is now no more, waited upon the author, at Ibbotson's Hotel, in Vere-street, London, to give an account of what he jocosely termed his *scepticism* upon this subject ; when these and the following particulars were related to him, and an appeal made to the testimony of Captain Culverhouse, Mr. Crips, Mr. Loudon, and others who were with us in Jaffa, as to the fact. Captain Wright still maintained the charge ; and the author, finding the testimony afforded by himself and his friends liable to give offence, reserved all he had to say upon the subject until it should appear in its proper place, as connected with the history of his travels ; always, however, urging the same statement, when appealed to for information. A few months after Captain Wright's visit, Captain Culverhouse, who had been employed in a distant part of the kingdom, recruiting for the Navy, came to London, and meeting the author in public company at table, asked him, with a smile, what he thought of the reports circulated concerning the massacre, &c. at Jaffa. The author answered, by saying, that it had long been his intention to write to Captain Culverhouse upon the subject, and that it was very gratifying to him to find the purport of his letter so satisfactorily anticipated. Captain Culverhouse then, before the whole company then present, expressed his astonishment at the industrious propagation of a story, whereof the inhabitants of Jaffa were ignorant, and of which he had never heard a syllable until his arrival in England. The author knows not where this story originated ; nor is it of any consequence to the testimony he thinks it now a duty to communicate." — *Port Folio* :

Port Folio. vol. 2, p. 191-3.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

DEEMING the following interesting account worthy of a less perishable record than the columns of a newspaper, I transmit it for insertion in your magazine. It was communicated to me by a mutual friend, as exhibiting a striking picture of war in reality, divested of "the pride, pomp, and circumstance," of its parade. So splendid, and yet at the same time so mournful an event, to many families, as the storming and capture of Badajoz, has rarely occurred in modern times. A. O. C.

Camp before Badajoz, 5th April, 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I arrived here a few days since, with a detachment, by Villa Franca, Santarem, Thomar, Abrantes, and Elvas. We marched fourteen days up a hilly country, about eighteen miles a day, without halting. The Portuguese behaved tolerably well, but they usually put on a most forbidding aspect when presented with a billet, (looking like some people in England when they receive a lawyer's bill,) yet I met with good accommodations in general, except at Abrantes. An opinion is very prevalent among the common Portuguese that they are under no obligation to us; they therefore make their market of us, and will be sorry whenever the war is finished. The more enlightened think, however, very differently; their soldiers improve much; and we have two fine regiments with us.

We expect to storm Badajoz to-night in three separate places, so I shall soon see real service; and it is expected to be very sharp work unless they surrender, which is not likely, as general Philippon is a very determined fellow. The French seem, however, to be short of powder and shot; or perhaps they are reserving it for us to-night. They fire a shell or bomb about every two minutes, while we keep up a constant fire upon the breaches and upon the town.

* * * * *

Alvaon, 15th April.

I now proceed to give you an account of the storming of Badajoz.

At eight o'clock at night, on Monday the 5th of April, we were formed without knapsacks, and in half an hour marched in an indirect line towards the town, under strict orders, "*that not a whisper should be heard!*" Part of the 5th division were to attack the town on the south side, while the 3d division, to which I was attached, with their ladders were to scale the citadel, and the rest were to assault the grand breach.

I procured a soldier's jacket, a firelock, sixty round of ball-cartridges, and was on the right of my company.

But, before I proceed, I will give you some information which I have since obtained, to shew you where, and to what we were going! The governor is allowed to be one of the best engineers in the French service, and he has so proved himself; though our fire was continued at the breach, he had pieces of wood fastened into the ground, with sword blades and bayonets fixed to them, slanting outwards; behind this a *chevaux de frize* was chained at both ends across the breach; the beam of it about a foot square, with points on all sides projecting about a yard from the centre, and behind that was a trench four feet wide and four deep. Covering all these, soldiers were planted eight deep, the two first ranks to fire as fast as they could, and those behind to load for them. Thus prepared, he told the men, "if they stuck to their posts, all the troops in the world could not enter." Trenches were also dug about fifty yards round the breach in case we did get in! In short the oldest officers say that no place has been defended with so much science and resolution in our times.

On the march all was silent, except that our cannon kept up their fire at the breaches, till we got within a quarter of a mile of the town, when there were two or three fire balls thrown from it in different directions, one of which falling close to us, we silently whispered to each other, "*Now it will begin!*" As the first division of our troops approached the place, the whole town appeared as if it were one mine, every yard throwing out bombs, cannon balls, &c. &c., grape-shot and musket-balls flying also in every direction. On the fire-balls striking near us, we moved out of the road to the green sward, but the cannon-balls hissed by us along the grass, and the musket-balls flew like hail about our heads; we immediately began, therefore, to run forward, till we were within about a hundred yards of the bridge across the first ditch, and then the balls came so thick that, as near as I can judge, twenty must have passed in the space of a minute, within a yard of my head.

While we were running on the grass one or two men dropped every minute, and were left behind; but now they fell faster. When we came to the bridge, which was about two yards wide, and twelve yards long, the balls came so thick that I had no expectation of getting across alive. We then began to ascend the hill, and were as crowded as people in a fair. We had to creep upon our hands and knees, the ascent being so steep and rocky; and while creeping, my brother-officer received a ball in the brain, and fell dead! Having got up this rock, we came to some palisadoes, within about twenty yards of the wall; these we broke

down, but behind them was a ditch three feet deep, and just behind that a flat space about six yards broad, and then a hill thrown up eight feet high. These passed, we approached a second ditch, and then the wall, which was twenty-six feet high, against which we planted six or seven ladders.

The hill is much like that at Greenwich, about as steep and as high. Just as I passed the palisaded ditch, there came a discharge of grape-shot from a twenty-four pounder, directly into that flat space, and about twelve fine fellows sunk upon the ground, uttering a groan that shook the oldest soldier to the soul. Ten of them never rose again, and the nearest of them was within a foot of me, and the farthest not four yards distant. It swept away all within its range. The next three or four steps I took, was upon this heap of dead! You read of the horrors of war, yet little understand what they mean!

When I got over this hill* into the ditch, under the wall, the dead and wounded lay so thick that I was continually treading upon them. A momentary pause took place about the time we reached the ladders, occasioned I apprehend by the grape-shot, and by the numbers killed from off the ladders;—but all were soon up, and formed again in the road† just over the wall. We now cheered four or five times! When we had entered the citadel, which was directly after we had scaled the wall, no shot came amongst us; the batteries there had been silenced before we were over, and we formed opposite the two gateways, with orders to "*to let no force break through us.*" I was in the front rank!

As soon as Philippon heard that we were in the citadel, he ordered two thousand men "*to retake it at all events;*" but, when he was told that the whole of the third division had got in, "then," said he, "give up the town."

One battery fired about two hours after we were in, but those near the breach were quiet in half an hour, part of the fifth division which got in on the south having silenced them. The attack upon the breach failed; it was renewed a second time; and again a third time, with equally bad fortune, which made Lord Wellington say, "The third division has saved my honour and gained the town."

We continued under arms all night. About fifty prisoners were made in the citadel. Philippon withdrew into Fort St. Christoval, and most of the cavalry escaped by the Sally Port. By the laws of war we were allowed to kill all we found, and our soldiers declared they would do so; but an Englishman cannot kill in cold blood!

Our regiment did not fire a gun the whole time. I saw one

* The Escarpment.

† The Covered Way.

instance of bravery on the part of the French, just before the grape-shot came; eight or ten Frenchmen were standing on the battery, No. 32, one of our regiments fired and killed one or two of them, but the rest stood like statues; they kept on firing till there were but two left, when, one of them being shot, the other jumped down.

The town is about the size of Northampton; all the houses near the breach were completely battered down, and most of the others damaged.

In the morning I returned to the camp, and by day-light retraced my steps of the night before. In every place I passed a great many wounded; I saw eight or ten shot through the face, and their heads a mass of clotted blood, many with limbs shattered, many shot through the body, and groaning most piteously? I found the body of my brother officer on the hill, his pantaloons, sword, epaulet, and hat, taken away: the dead lay stretched out in every form, some had been dashed to pieces by bombs, many had been stripped naked, and others had been rolled in the dust, with blood and dirt sticking all over them!

When I came to the spot where the grape-shot first struck us, the bodies lay very thick! but even there they bore no comparison to the heaps in the breach, where they lay one upon another two or three deep, and many in the ditch were half out and half in the water!

I shall now give you my feelings through the whole affair, and I have no doubt when you read this you will feel similarly. I marched towards the town in good spirits; and, when the balls began to come thick about me, I expected every one would strike me: as they increased, I regarded them less; at the bottom of the hill I was quite inured to danger, and could have marched to the cannon's mouth. When the grape-shot came, I suffered more for those who fell than for myself; and, when I first trod upon the dead heaps, it was horrible! In the next twenty or thirty steps I trod upon many more dead, but each impression became less terrible!

* * * * *

You see then that I have literally been within a few inches of death,—upon the very verge of eternity! With you, when two or three of your acquaintance die, you say, "These are awful times, death has been very busy!" Here he was busy indeed!! Of three officers, with whom I dined that day, one was killed and another severely wounded, yet not a hair of my head has been hurt! I am indeed in better health than ever I was in my life. * * * * *

FROM THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MISS SEWARD'S WILL.

A GENTLEMAN having kindly favoured us with a copy of this lady's will, we lay such parts of it before our readers as we conceive may be interesting ; but, in publishing these extracts, we cannot avoid saying, that perhaps more of the real character of the writer will appear than in any of her works ; for what is written under the awful expectation of death, may easily be conceived to be most unfeigned, delivered upon the strength of present feelings, fearless of incurring other censure than that of the Deity.

" I, Anne, or as I have generally written myself *Anna Seward*, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon Residentiary of the cathedral church of Litchfield, do make and publish my last will and testament, in manner following. I desire to have a frugal and private funeral, without any other needless expense than that of a lead coffin, to protect my breathless body. If the dean and chapter shall not object to our family vault in the choir being once more opened, I desire to be laid at the feet of my late dear father ; but, if they should object to disturbing the choir pavement, I then request to be laid by the side of him who was my faithful excellent friend, through the course of 37 years, the late Mr. John Saville, in the vault which I made for the protection of his remains, in the burial ground on the south side of the Litchfield cathedral : I will that my hereafter executors, or trustees, commission one of the most approved sculptors to prepare a monument for my late father and his family, of the value of 500*l.* ; that with consent of the dean and the chapter, they take care the same be placed in a proper part of Litchfield cathedral : to every servant living in my family at the time of my decease, who shall have properly conducted him, or her self, during my last illness, I bequeath proper mourning, and ten pounds each in money, above what quarterly wages may then be due to them ; it being my custom to pay their wages every quarter. To the maid servant who shall live with me at my death, I leave all the apparel which I have worn, my best laces excepted ; which best laces, whether they be on gowns, or handkerchiefs, or lie unmade up in my drawers, I bequeath to my friend Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, now of the close, Litchfield, together with all such contents of the bureaux, which I have always kept locked up, as she may choose to accept. To my beloved and honoured friend Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, of Llangolenvale, Denbigh-

shire, I leave each a ring, value five guineas, or any other more acceptable memorial of my attachment to them, to the said amount, as they may choose. To my highly-esteemed Miss Cornwallis, daughter of the present Bishop of Litchfield, I also leave a mourning ring of the value of five guineas ; also to my long dear friend Mrs. Mary Powys, now of Clifton, near Bristol, I leave the same small memorial of our 30 years' friendship and correspondence. Also, I leave to Mr. Wm. Feary, of Litchfield, the sum of five guineas, either for a mourning ring, or any other more acceptable token of my esteem and respect for his virtues ; and the same to my friend Thomas Lister, Esq. of Armitage. To my esteemed friend and correspondent, Dr. William Hussey, I leave a mourning ring of the same value, viz. five guineas. To my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Wyrley, I bequeath a mourning ring, of the value of two guineas ; and to my cousins, Mrs. Thomas White, Mrs. Susannah Burrows, Mrs. Hinckley, of Litchfield, and Mrs. Martin, now of Winterbourn, I leave a mourning ring, of two guineas value ; and the same also to Mrs. Charles Simpson, wife of my executor ; and the same to Mr. Ironmonger, now of Litchfield.

" My curious fan, of *ancient date, but exquisite workmanship*, and with a fresh mount of red leather, I bequeath to Mrs. White, wife of my executor, Mr. Thomas White, together with my best diamond ring, and the miniature picture of myself, by the late celebrated Miers. The miniature picture of my late dear father, by Richmond, I leave to my cousin, Mrs. Susannah Burrows.

" To my cousin, the Rev. Henry White, I leave the fine portrait of my late father, by the late Mr. Wright, of Derby ; also all the *beautiful* drawings in my possession, by the Rev. William Bree, now of Coleshill, Warwickshire.

" The valuable Italian portrait, now in my green parlour, is the property of the said Henry White, a loan, not a gift to me. I desire it may be restored to him at my death. My own picture, by the late Mr. Romney, I bequeath to my friend and executor, Charles Simpson, provided he be living ; if not, I bequeath the said picture of myself, to my other executor, Mr. Thomas White : and to the said Mr. Thomas White, I also leave the mezzotinto print of the dying St. Stephen, by West ; also the *exquisite* engraving Instruction Paternelle : each of them were presented to me by my late dear friend Mr. Saville, for whose sake, as well as for mine, I know he will value them. The beautiful portrait of my father's mother, by the *famous* Sir Peter Lely, is the property of my cousin Mrs. Susannah Burrows ; a loan, not a gift, to me ; and as such, to be restored to her at my death. The miniature picture of my late dear friend Mr. Saville, drawn in the year 1770, by the late celebrated artist Smart, and

which at the time it was taken, and during many successive years, was an exact resemblance of the original, I bequeath to his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, who I know will value and preserve it as a jewel above *all prize*; and in case of her previous demise, I bequeath the said *precious* miniature to her daughter Mrs. Honora Jager, *exhorting the said Honora Jager, and her heirs, into whose hands' soever it may fall, to guard it with sacred care from the sun and from damp, as I have guarded it, that so the posterity of my valued friend may know what, in his prime, was the form of him whose mind through life, by the acknowledgment of all who knew him, and could discern the superior powers of talent and virtue, was the seat of liberal endowment, warm piety, and energetic benevolence.* The mezzotinto engraving from a picture of Romney, which is thus inscribed on a tablet at top, "Such was Honora Sneyd,"* I bequeath to her brother Edward Sneyd, Esq. if he survives me; if not, I bequeath it to his amiable daughter, Miss Emma Sneyd, entreating her to value and preserve it as the perfect, though accidental, resemblance of her aunt, and my ever dear friend, *when she was surrounded by all her virgin glories—beauty and grace, sensibility and goodness, superior intelligence, and unswerving truth.* To my before mentioned friend, Mrs. Mary Powys, in consideration of the true and *unextinguishable* love which she bore to the original, I bequeath the miniature picture of the said Honora Sneyd, drawn at Buxton, in the year 1776, by her gallant, faithful, and unfortunate lover, Major Andre,† in his 18th year. That was his first attempt to delineate the human face, consequently it is an unfavourable, and most imperfect, resemblance of a most distinguished beauty.

"If I should die before I have committed for publication such of my writings in verse and prose as I mean shall constitute a miscellaneous edition of my works, as hereafter mentioned, I give and bequeath them to my friend and correspondent Walter Scott, Esq. of Edinburgh, author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, &c. The said compositions of mine will be found in a blue hair trunk, tied up together, with a coloured silk braid, to which trunk my maid will direct my executors. This bequest to Mr. Scott consists of all my writings in verse, which have passed the press, together with those which yet remain unpublished; also a collection of my *juvenile* letters from the year 1762 to June 1768; also four sermons, and a critical dissertation. The verse consists of two half-bound quarto volumes of manuscript compo-

* For a copy of this interesting portrait, with a biographical memoir, see *Lady's Museum* for October, 1811.

† Vide *Museum* for October, 1811.

sitions ; also at this time of six manuscript-books, in quarto sheets, and only sewed together. With these I desire may be blended—my poems which already have been regularly and separately published ; printed copies of which will be found with the manuscript verses ; and from those printed copies I desire the press for this collective edition may be struck ; some slight alterations, inserted in my own hand writing, will be found in those printed copies, and I hope attended to. With the aforesaid poetry will be found, and with which I desire may be published, the three first books of an epic poem, entitled Telemachus. It is raised on the basis of Fenelon's work, so entitled, but *my poem* is a *widely excursive paraphrase*. Its completion was long my wish, but I could never find leisure for the task. With the above mentioned verse will be found a small collection of my late beloved father's poetry, which I desire may be admitted into the said miscellany, and *succeed* to my own. To these metrical compositions from his pen and from *mine*, I desire my Juvenile Letters may in succession be added. The critical dissertation of defending Pope's Odyssey against the *absurd* criticisms of Spence, I refer to Mr. Scott's judgment to publish or suppress, as he may think best. If its publication be his choice, I could wish that tract might follow the Juvenile Letters in the course of the edition ; last the four sermons, unless Mr. Scott should conclude it better to publish them separately from the edition, and perhaps at a different period : at all events, I would have the letters succeed the poetry, as in *Warburton's edition of Pope's works*. It appears to me that it would be eligible to print the said edition of my works in pocket volumes octavo, with an engraving prefixed, taken by one of our best London artists, from Romney's picture of me,* bequeathed to my friend and hereafter named executor, Charles Simpson, *which I know he will have the goodness to lend for that purpose*. In the before mentioned blue hair trunk will be found twelve half-bound quarto volumes ; they contain such letters, or parts of letters, to numerous correspondents, from the year 1784 to the present day, as appeared to me *worth the future attention of the public*. *Voluminous as is the collection, it does not include a twentieth part of my epistolary writing from the period at which those twelve books commenced*. I give and bequeath these twelve volumes to Mr. A. Constable, bookseller, in Edinburgh, the gentleman who publishes Mr. Walter Scott's poetic compositions. I bequeath them to him rather than to Mr. Walter Scott, *since the abhorrence in which, both in a moral and religious point of view, from the close of the campaign*

* Why then have they chosen one which she confesses was not like, and drawn at the age of seventeen.

in 1793, I have held the destructive system in this country which has ruined the Continent, endangered the independence of Great Britain, obstinately pursued against the remonstrances of wisdom, and the warnings of successive discomfiture, is too fervently avowed in the course of these letters, and is too hostile to Mr. Scott's political attachments and connexions, for the possibility of its being eligible for him to become their editor. I wish Mr. Constable to publish two volumes of the said letters annually, not classing them to separate correspondents, but suffering them to succeed each other in the order of time, and as he finds them in the volumes.

“To my hereafter mentioned executors and trustees, I commit the inspection of all my letters from my different correspondents, and of all my papers, those excepted, which are designed for the press; and I trust in their *discretion* to destroy all *useless papers and letters.*”

With the violent phillipic still tingling in our ears against her favourite Mr. Walter Scott, we leave the lady. The rest of her will is like the will of most other people, and only relates to her estate, her goods, and chattels. *See annexed vol.*

Ms. B. 1. 3. 6, vol. 2, pp. 77, 133.

RAIL SHOOTING.

THE natural history of the *Rail*, or as it is called in Virginia the *Sora*, and in South Carolina the *Coot*, is to the most of our sportsmen involved in profound and inexplicable mystery. It comes, they know not whence; and goes, they not where. No one can detect their first moment of arrival; yet all at once the reedy shores and grassy marshes of our large rivers swarm with them, thousands being sometimes found within the space of a few acres. These, when they do venture on wing, seem to fly so feebly, and in such short fluttering flights among the reeds, as to render it highly improbable to most people that they could possibly make their way over an extensive tract of country. Yet, on the first smart frost that occurs, the whole suddenly disappear as if they had never been.

The Rail or Sora belongs to a genus of birds of which about thirty different species are enumerated by naturalists; and those are distributed over almost every region of the habitable parts of the earth. The general character of these is every where the same. They run swiftly, fly slowly, and usually with the legs hanging down; become extremely fat; are fond of concealment; and wherever it is practicable, prefer running to flying. Most of them are migratory, and abound during the summer in cer-

tain countries, the inhabitants of which have very rarely an opportunity of seeing them. Of this last, the Large Rail of Britain is a striking example. This bird, which during the summer months may be heard in almost every grass and clover field in the kingdom, uttering its common note *Crek, Crek*, from sunset to a late hour in the night, is yet unknown, by sight, to more than nine-tenths of the inhabitants. 'Its well known cry,' says Bewick, 'is first heard as soon as the grass becomes long enough to shelter it, and continues till the grass is cut; but the bird is seldom seen, for it constantly skulks among the thickest part of the herbage, and runs so nimbly through it, winding and doubling in every direction, that it is difficult to come near it; when hard pushed by the dog it sometimes stops short, and squats down, by which means its too eager pursuer overshoots the spot, and loses the trace. It seldom springs but when driven to extremity, and generally flies with its legs hanging down, but never to a great distance; as soon as it alights it runs off, and before the fowler has reached the spot the bird is at a considerable distance.*' The *Water Crake*, or Spotted Rail of the same country, which in its plumage approaches nearer to our Rail, is another notable example of the same general habit of the genus. 'Its common abode,' says the same writer, 'is in low swampy grounds, in which are pools or streamlets overgrown with willow, reeds and rushes, where it lurks and hides itself with great circumspection; it is wild, solitary and shy, and will swim, dive or skulk under any cover, and sometimes suffer itself to be knocked on the head, rather than rise before the sportsman and his dog.' The Water Rail of the same country is equally noted for the like habits. In short, the whole genus possess this strong family character in a very remarkable degree.

On the twenty-second day of February I killed two of these birds in the neighbourhood of Savannah, in Georgia, where they have never been observed during the summer. On the second of the May following I shot another in a watery thicket below Philadelphia, between the rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, in what is usually called the *Neck*. This last was a male, in full plumage. We are also informed, that they arrive at Hudson's Bay early in June, and again leave that settlement for the south early in autumn. That many of them also remain here to breed is proved by the testimony of persons of credit and intelligence with whom I have conversed, both here and on James river, in Virginia, who have seen their eggs and young. In the extensive meadows that border the Schuylkill and Delaware it was formerly common, before the country was so thickly settled there, to find young Rail in the first mowing time among the grass. Mr. James Bartram, brother to the botanist, a venerable and still active man of eighty-

three, and well acquainted with this bird, says, that he has often seen and caught young Rail in his own meadows in the month of June; he has also seen their nest, which he says is usually in a tussock of grass, is formed of a little dry grass, and has four or five eggs of a dirty whitish colour, with brown or blackish spots; the young run off as soon as they break the shell, are then quite black, and run about among the grass like mice. The old ones he has very rarely observed at that time, but the young often. Almost every old settler along these meadows with whom I have conversed has occasionally seen young Rail in mowing time; and all agree in describing them as covered with blackish down. There can, therefore, be no reasonable doubt as to the residence of many of these birds both here and to the northward during the summer. That there can be as little doubt relative to their winter retreat, will appear more particularly in the sequel of the present account.—During their residence here, in summer, their manners exactly correspond with those of the Water Crake of Britain already quoted; so that, though actually a different species, their particular habits and common places of resort, and eagerness for concealment, are as nearly the same as the nature of the climates will admit.

Early in August, when the reeds along the shores of the Delaware have attained their full growth, the Rail resort to them in great numbers to feed on the seeds of this plant, of which they, as well as the Rice, birds and several others, are immoderately fond. These reeds, which appear to be the *zizania panicula effusa* of Linnæus, and the *zizania clavulosa* of Willdenow, grow up from the soft muddy shores of the tide water, which are alternately dry, and covered with four or five feet of water. They rise with an erect, tapering stem to the height of eight or ten feet, being nearly as thick below as a man's wrist, and cover tracts along the river of many acres. The cattle feed on their long green leaves with avidity, and wade in after them as far as they dare safely venture. They grow up so close together that, except at or near high water, a boat can with difficulty make its way through among them. The seeds are produced at the top of the plant, the blossoms or male parts occupying the lower branches of the panicle, and the seeds the higher. These seeds are nearly as long as a common sized pin, somewhat more slender, white, sweet to the taste, and very nutritive, as appears by their effects on the various birds that, at this season, feed on them.

When the reeds are in this state, and even while in blossom, the Rail are found to have taken possession of them in great numbers. These are generally numerous in proportion to the full and promising crop of the former. As you walk along the embankment of the river at this season, you hear them squeaking in every

direction like young puppies; if a stone be thrown among the reeds there is a general outcry, and a reiterated *kuk kuk kuk*, something like that of a guinea fowl. Any sudden noise, or the discharge of a gun, produces the same effect. In the mean time none are to be seen, unless it be at or near high water; for when the tide is low they universally secret themselves among the interstices of the reeds, and you may walk past and even over them, where there are hundreds, without seeing a single individual. On their first arrival they are generally lean, and unfit for the table; but as the reeds ripen they rapidly fatten, and from the twentieth of September to the middle of October are excellent, and eagerly sought after. The usual method of shooting them, in this quarter of the country, is as follows. The sportsman furnishes himself with a light batteau, and a stout experienced boatman, with a pole of twelve or fifteen feet long, thickened at the lower end to prevent it from sinking too deep into the mud. About two hours or so before high water they enter the reeds, and each takes his post, the sportsman standing in the bow ready for action, the boatman on the stern seat pushing her steadily through the reeds. The Rail generally spring singly, as the boat advances, and at a short distance a-head, are instantly shot down, while the boatman, keeping his eye on the spot where the bird fell, directs the boat forward and picks it up as the gunner is loading. It is also the boatman's business to keep a sharp look out, and give the word *mark*, when a Rail springs on either side without being observed by the sportsman, and to note the exact spot where it falls until he has picked it up; for this once lost sight of, owing to the sameness in the appearance of the reeds, is seldom found again. In this manner the boat moves steadily through and over the reeds, the birds flushing and falling, the gunner loading and firing, while the boatman is pushing and picking up. The sport continues till an hour or two after high water, when the shallowness of the water, and the strength and weight of the floating reeds, as also the backwardness of the game to spring as the tide decreases, oblige them to return. Several boats are sometimes within a short distance of each other, and a perpetual cracking of musketry prevails along the whole reedy shores of the river. In these excursions it is not uncommon for an active and expert marksman to kill ten or twelve dozen in a tide. They are usually shot singly, though I have known five killed at one discharge of a double barrelled piece. These instances however are rare.

The flight of these birds among the reeds is usually low; and, shelter being abundant, is rarely extended to more than fifty or one hundred yards. When winded and uninjured in their legs, they swim and dive with great rapidity, and are seldom seen to

rise again. I have several times, on such occasions, discovered them clinging with their feet to the reeds under the water, and at other times skulking under the floating reeds with their bill just above the surface. Sometimes when wounded they dive, and rising under the gunwale of the boat secret themselves there, moving round as the boat moves, until they have an opportunity of escaping unnoticed. They are feeble and delicate in every thing but the legs, which seem to possess great vigour and energy, and their bodies being so remarkably thin, or compressed as to be less than an inch and a quarter through transversely, they are enabled to pass between the reeds like rats. When seen they are almost constantly jetting up the tail. Yet, though their flight among the reeds seems feeble and fluttering, every sportsman who is acquainted with them here, must have seen them occasionally rising to a considerable height, stretching out their legs behind them, and flying rapidly across the river where it is more than a mile in width.

Such is the mode of rail shooting in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. In Virginia, particularly along the shores of James river within the tide water, where the Rail or Sora, are in prodigious numbers, they are also shot on the wing, but more usually taken at night, in the following manner. A kind of iron grate is fixed on the top of a stout pole, which is placed like a mast, in a light canoe, and filled with fire. The darker the night the more successful is the sport. The person who manages the canoe is provided with a light paddle ten or twelve feet in length; and about an hour before high water, proceeds through among the reeds which lie broken and floating on the surface. The whole space for a considerable way round the canoe is completely enlightened; the birds stare with astonishment, and as they appear are knocked on the head with the paddle, and thrown into the canoe. In this manner from twenty to eighty dozen have been killed by three negroes in the short space of three hours!

At the same season, or a little earlier, they are very numerous in the lagoons near Detroit, on our northern frontiers, where another species of reed (of which they are equally fond) grows in shallows in great abundance. Gentlemen who have shot them there, and on whose judgment I can rely, assure me, that they differ in nothing from those they have usually killed on the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill; they are equally fat, and exquisite eating. On the sea coast of New Jersey, where these reeds are not to be found, this bird is altogether unknown; though along the marshes of Maurice river and other tributary streams of the Delaware, and wherever the reeds abound, the Rail are sure to be found also. Most of them leave Pennsylvania before the end of October, and the southern states early in November,

though numbers linger in the warm southern marshes the whole winter. A very worthy gentleman, Mr. Harrison, who lives in Kittiwan, near a creek of that name, on the borders of James river, informed me, that in burning his meadows early in March, they generally raise and destroy several of these birds. That the great body of these Rail, winter in countries beyond the United States, is rendered highly probable from their being so frequently met with at sea, between our shores and the West India islands. A captain Douglass informed me, that on his voyage from St. Domingo to Philadelphia, and more than a hundred miles from the capes of the Delaware, one night the man at the helm was alarmed by a sudden crash on deck that broke the glass in the binnacle, and put out the light. On examining into the cause, three Rail were found on deck, two of which were killed on the spot, and the other died soon after. The late bishop Madison, president of William and Mary college, Virginia, assured me, that a Mr. Skipwith, for some time our consul in Europe, on his return to the United States, when upwards of three hundred miles from the capes of the Chesapeake, several Rail or Soras, I think five or six came on board, and were caught by the people. Mr. Skipwith being well acquainted with the bird assured him that they were the very same with those usually killed on James river. I have received like assurances from several other gentlemen and captains of vessels who have met with these birds between the main land and the islands, so as to leave no doubt on my mind of the fact. For, why should it be considered incredible that a bird which can both swim and dive well, and at pleasure fly with great rapidity, as I have myself frequently witnessed, should be incapable of migrating like so many others over extensive tracts of land or sea? Inhabiting as they do the remote regions of Hudson's Bay, where it is impossible they could subsist during the rigours of their winter, they must either emigrate from thence or perish; and as the same places in Pennsylvania which abound with them in October are often laid under ice and snow during the winter, it is as impossible that they could exist here in that inclement season; Heaven has therefore given them in common with many others, certain prescience of these circumstances, and judgment as well as strength of flight sufficient to seek more genial climates, abounding with their suitable food.

During the greater part of the months of September and October the market of Philadelphia is abundantly supplied with Rail, which are sold from half a dollar to a dollar a dozen. Soon after the twentieth of October, at which time our first smart frosts generally take place, these birds move off to the south. In Virginia they usually remain until the first week in November.

Since the above was written, I have received from Mr. George

Ord of Philadelphia, some curious particulars relative to this bird, which, as they are new, and come from a gentleman of respectability, well known for his dexterity at Rail shooting, are worthy of being recorded, and merit further investigation.

‘My personal experience,’ says Mr. Ord, ‘has made me acquainted with a fact in the history of the Rail, which, perhaps is not generally known; and I shall, as briefly as possible, communicate it to you. Some time in the autumn of the year 1809, as I was walking in a yard, after a severe shower of rain, I perceived the feet of a bird projecting from a spout. I pulled it out, and discovered it to be a Rail, very vigorous, and in perfect health. The bird was placed in a small room, on a gin-case; and I was amusing myself with it, when, in the act of pointing my finger at it, it suddenly sprang forward, apparently much irritated, fell on the floor, and stretching out its feet, and bending its neck until the head nearly touched the back, became to all appearance lifeless. Thinking the fall had killed the bird, I took it up, and began to lament my rashness in provoking it. In a few minutes it again breathed, and it was some time before it perfectly recovered from the fit, into which, it now appeared evident it had fallen. I placed the Rail in a room wherein Canary birds were confined; and resolved that, on the succeeding day, I would endeavour to discover whether or no the passion of anger had produced the fit. I entered the room at the appointed time and approached the bird, which had retired on beholding me, in a sullen humour, to a corner. On pointing my finger at it, its feathers were immediately ruffled; and in an instant it sprang forward, as in the first instance, and fell into a similar fit. The following day the experiment was repeated with the like effect. In the fall of 1811 as I was gunning amongst the reeds, in pursuit of Rail, I perceived one rise but a few feet before my batteau. The bird had risen about a yard when it became entangled in the tops of a small bunch of reeds, and immediately fell. Its feet and neck were extended, as in the instance above mentioned; and before it had time to recover I killed it. Some few days afterwards as a friend and I were gunning in the same place, he shot a Rail, and as we approached the spot to pick it up, another was perceived not a foot off in a fit. I took up the bird, and placed it in the crown of my hat. In a few moments it revived, and was as vigorous as ever. These facts go to prove, that the Rail is subject to gusts of passion, which operate to so violent a degree as to produce a disease; similar in its effects to epilepsy. I leave the explication of the phenomenon to those physiologists who are competent and willing to investigate it: It may be worthy of remark, that the birds affected as described, were all females of the *Rallus Virginianus*, or common Rail.

‘ The Rail, though generally reputed a simple bird, will sometimes manifest symptoms of considerable intelligence.—To those acquainted with Rail-shooting it is hardly necessary to mention, that the tide in its flux, is considered an almost indispensable auxiliary ; for, when the water is off the marsh, the lubricity of the mud, the height and compactness of the reed, and the swiftness of foot of the game, tend to weary the sportsman and to frustrate his endeavours. Even should he succeed in a tolerable degree, the reward is not commensurate to the labour. I have entered the marsh in a batteau at a common tide, and in a well-known haunt have beheld but few birds. The next better tide, on resorting to the same spot, I have perceived abundance of game. The fact is, the Rail dive and conceal themselves beneath the fallen reed, merely projecting their heads above the surface of the water for air, and remain in that situation until the sportsman has passed them ; and it is well known, that it is a common practice with wounded Rail to dive to the bottom, and holding upon some vegetable substance, support themselves in that situation until exhausted. During such times, the bird, in escaping from one enemy, has often to encounter another not less formidable.—Eels and cat-fish swarm in every direction, prowling for prey ; and it is ten to one if a wounded Rail escapes them. I myself have beheld a large eel make off with a bird that I had shot, before I had time to pick it up ; and one of my boys, in bobbing for eels, caught one with a whole Rail in his belly.

‘ I have heard it observed, that on the increase of the moon the Rail improves in fatness, and decreases in a considerable degree with that planet. Sometimes I have conceited that the remark was just. If it be a fact, I think it may be explained on the supposition, that the bird is enabled to feed at night, as well as by day, while it has the benefit of the moon, and with less interruption than at other periods.’

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air...*Gray.*

BAILLY (JEAN SYLVAIN),

ONE of the forty of the French Academy, &c. deputy of Paris to the states-general. The name of Bailly is attached to events so important, it has completely exhausted the vicissitudes of favour and misfortune, it has so many titles to the remembrance of

the friends of the sciences, that history ought to transmit to posterity even the smallest details which can serve to illustrate the life of this celebrated man. Born at Paris on the 15th of September, 1736, nature had endowed him with all the talents which fit men for the study of the sciences, and for the meditations of philosophy. The advantage which he had in connecting himself with the celebrated Lacaille, determined his taste for astronomy. After several essays, which were well received by the public, he published his history of Astronomy, a work in which was manifested the hand of a great writer, who unites superior talent and brilliant colouring to vast knowledge. After the publication of various works, he received, in 1785, the reward which is most delightful to a man of letters, that in being appointed a member of the three first academical bodies in France. Some time after, being commissioned to examine into the proceedings of the animal magnetism of Mesmer, he destroyed, by his report, all the illusions of credulity. When the revolution broke out in 1789, the electors of Paris chose him as secretary, and then as deputy of the tiers-état to the states-general. He was president of this assembly in its first session. On the 6th of June, he complimented the king, at the head of the commons, complained of the delays made by the noblesse, in beginning the labours of the states-general, and asserted the devotion of the tiers-état to the maintenance of the rights of the throne. The commons having formed themselves into a national assembly, on the 17th of June, Bailly was continued president; and it was he who, on the 20th, when the king forbade the commons to meet, collected the assembly, and conducted them to the tennis-court, where he presided at the famous sitting, which was in a manner the opening of the revolution. When the master of the ceremonies came from the king, to order the members of the tiers-état to leave the room, Bailly answered him, that the assembled nation had no orders to receive. He claimed, in his rank of president, the right of being the first to take an oath not to separate till they had established the constitution on a solid basis. On the 16th of July he was appointed mayor of Paris, by the permanent committee, after the assassination of M. de Flesselles. On the 17th, he received the king at the town hall, and presented to him the national cockade: in the speech which he addressed to this prince, was remarked the following sentence: 'Henry IV. had conquered his people; here it is the people who have re-conquered its king.' He was again proclaimed mayor on this same day. In this character, on the 25th of August, he took the following oath to the king: 'Sire, I swear to God, between the hands of your majesty, to cause your lawful authority to be respected, to preserve the sacred rights of the corporation of Paris, and to do justice to all men.'

He then offered to the king a nosegay, wrapt in a piece of gauze, on which was written, in letters of gold, 'Homage to Louis XVI. the best of kings.' On the day of the 6th of October, he came to receive the king at the barrier, and made him a long speech, to which Louis returned only these words: 'Sir, it is always with pleasure and confidence that I find myself in the midst of the inhabitants of my good city of Paris.' On the 19th, when the assembly came and held its first meeting at Paris, he complimented it, and, in his speech, did nothing but eulogise the city of Paris, Lafayette, and himself. On the 5th of February, 1790, he went to congratulate the king on his being present the day before at the assembly, and on the speech that he had made there; he told him, among other things, 'that he united all the titles of the beloved monarchs, Louis the just, Louis the good, Louis the wise, and soon Louis the great.' When, after the flight of the king, the parties were completely divided, and when the violent revolutionists wished to seize this opportunity for pronouncing the forfeiture of Louis XVI. Bailly obeying the suggestions of Lafayette, opposed the ferments excited in Paris in favour of the party of the forfeiture; a party which counted in its ranks the most declared jacobins, and the partisans of the house of Orleans. An immense crowd having thronged to the Champ de Mars, to frame an address to this effect, on the 17th of July, 1791, he caused martial law to be proclaimed against this assembly, which was dispersed by the armed force. The national assembly approved this step; but from this time Bailly perceived that his credit was sinking; on the 19th September, he sent to the municipal body his resignation, which he attributed to the impaired state of his health. In consequence of the refusal of this body, and the supplications that were made to him, he again resumed his functions. He vacated the office of mayor in the early part of November. It was on the 18th that he presented his successor, Petion, to the general council of the corporation; he then went to pass some time in England, and afterwards returned to Paris. Become odious to the people, whose idol he had been, he hoped to be forgotten by burying himself in study and retirement. Concealed in the environs of Melun, he remained there in quiet till after the 30th May, which revived, with the power of revenge, the remembrance of the bloody scene of the Champ de Mars. Bailly, discovered to the researches of the agents of Robespierre, was arrested in October, 1793, sent to Paris, thence to the Magdelonettes, thence transferred to the Conciergerie, and brought to trial on the 10th of November, before the revolutionary tribunal, by Fouquier Tinville. This tribunal condemned him to death for having plotted with Capet, his wife, and others, for disturbing public tranquillity, exciting civil war, and

causing the massacre of the Champ de Mars. On the day after the passing of his sentence, he was delivered over to the executioner, and put into the fatal cart, at the back of which was fastened the red banner, as if to reproach him with having occasioned its display during his mayoralty. Whilst he was leading to execution, he was loaded with the insults of the multitude; he was covered with mud; furious men struck him with so much barbarity, that the executioners themselves were incensed at it. It was resolved that he should die on the Champ de Mars, in the very place where he had caused the seditious persons to be fired upon. The banner was burnt, and shaken all on fire over his body! A moment before he had fallen down in a fainting fit; when he returned to himself, he demanded with a sort of haughtiness, that an end might be put to his miseries. 'Dost thou tremble, Bailly?' said one of the executioners to him, seeing his limbs, weakened by age, and moistened by a cold and continual rain, quiver. 'Friend,' answered he, calmly, 'it is with cold.' At last, after having endured every species of ignominy and of ferocity, he ran himself to the scaffold, which, after having been several times displaced in his presence, had been at last fixed on a heap of dung: he died with great courage. Towards the close of his life he had been called as a witness in the queen's trial; and, as if desirous of repairing his faults towards the royal family, he had the courage to declare that the facts related in the act of accusation, drawn up against this princess, were false and forged.

Bailly was tall; his face was long and serious, and its character sometimes that of sensibility. It has been said that he resembled the minister Dundas (the late Lord Melville). He has given proofs of remarkable disinterestedness. There are several valuable works on astronomy by him: in 1800 was published the continuation of his *Origin of Fables*, and in 1804, a journal of his conduct in the early part of the revolution, which he appears to have made for his own use, and not to give it to the public. Those who have published it, have consulted neither their own interests nor that of his memory. Bailly was become in 1778, one of the principal chiefs of the philosophical party, and it is not surprising that he should have given himself up, at the appearance of a new order of things, to the seductions of ambition. The remembrance of his punishment must make the ambitious of all ages tremble. In 1797, Pastoret caused his widow to be set on a footing with those of the deputies who had died for their country, and obtained for her the grant of a pension; she enjoyed it but a short time, as she died in 1800. It was said at the time that she had great influence over her hus-

band, and as she wanted understanding, and especially education, she contributed, in many instances, to set him in an absurd light.

BARTHELMY, (THE ABBE, JEAN JAQUES).

BORN at Cassis, near Aubagne, on the 20th of January, 1746. He studied at the oratorical college at Marseilles, where his success was rapid and brilliant. He then removed to that of the Jesuits, and devoted himself particularly to the dead languages; he applied himself to study, with an ardour so excessive as to endanger his life. When restored to health, he came to Paris, and was patronised by Boze, keeper of the cabinet of medals, who in time associated him with himself. From this period the abbé Barthélmy spent all his hours in the study and arrangement of the medals, and Boze dying in 1757, he succeeded him. Soon after he accompanied the Duke de Choiseul to Italy, and this journey gave him an opportunity of increasing the numismatic riches of France; he visited all the monuments, and received every where the most flattering attentions. M. de Choiseul being raised to the ministry, bestowed on him several pensions, which he had some difficulty in prevailing on him to accept. He employed them, however, in the most worthy manner; he educated his nephews; he collected for himself a chosen library, and shared the remainder with the poor. It was at this period that he began the Travels of the younger Anacharsis, one of the most splendid literary monuments of the 18th century, which cost him 30 years labour. Unambitious, and connected with no party, it was long before he became one of the French academy. Though he had been a member of that of inscriptions and elegant literature, ever since 1747, he was not admitted among the forty till June, 1789. The year following, the post of king's librarian was offered to him, but he declined it. Confined by inclination and by modesty to the care of the cabinet of medals, he devoted himself to it with unalterable ardour, and at last collected 40,000 antique medals, which he arranged in an admirable order. He had almost reached the end of his days, when the revolution came to cloud them, for being pointed out in 1793, as an object of suspicion, he was conveyed to the Magdelonnettes, though some pity might have been shewn to a man of 78 years of age. It was not, however, long before his persecutors blushed at this useless barbarity, and he was restored to liberty four and twenty hours after his arrest; but the fatal stroke was given; from this time his strength declined, and after a fever of a few days, he peacefully expired, on the 1st of May, 1794, reading Horace. This virtuous man was the ornament of

his age, the delight of his family, and the stay of his friends. His figure was tall and well proportioned, his face had an antique cast, and expressed mingled simplicity, candour, and dignity, the true type of his good and elegant mind. He was dear to all who knew him, particularly to his family, of whom he was the prop. The education of his nephew, who is now a senator, was owing to him. He left a great number of treatises on medals and inscriptions; also, the 'Loves of Calista and Polydore,' a romance translated from the Greek, and conversations of the state of the Greek music.

BARTHELEMY, (FRANCOIS),

NEPHEW of the person last mentioned, a senator. Born at Aubagne, and brought up under the direction of his uncle, he was placed, while yet very young, in the office of M. de Choiseul; the Baron de Breteuil afterwards took him to Switzerland, and thence to Sweden; and when M. d'Adhémar was appointed ambassador to that court, Barthélemy accompanied him thither as his secretary. On the recal of the minister he succeeded him as ambassador, and remained some time, even during the mission of M. de la Luzerne. At the commencement of the revolution he was sent as ambassador to England, and to him devolved the office of informing the court that Louis XVI. had accepted the constitution. In December, 1791, he went to Switzerland, in the same character; in April, 1795, he negociated and signed a peace with Prussia; in the July following he concluded a similar treaty with Spain, and shortly after with the Elector of Hesse. He was also charged to endeavour at entering into some pacific negociations with Mr. Wickham, then the English minister at Bale; but this proved unsuccessful. Though he sometimes occasioned the expulsion of emigrants and priests from Switzerland, he behaved with great moderation there, and has been commended by all parties. Letournier having quitted the directory in June, 1797, M. Barthélemy was elected in his place; but having been raised to this eminent station chiefly by the influence of the Clichleu party, he soon shared in their downfall. It seems that without having attached himself to Carnot, and without being connected with the members of the councils, who were themselves split into several factions, he reprobated the conduct of his three other colleagues: he opposed any change in the ministry, and with Carnot, signed a protest against the decision of the majority. From that time it was determined to include him in the proscription then preparing, and though Barras, on the 17th Fructidor, had intimated to him his impending danger, if he did not tender his resignation; he disdained to withdraw from it, and that very

evening played a game at tric trac, went tranquilly to rest, and was seized in bed. The minister Sothri carried him to the Temple unrepining. His only words were, 'Oh, my country!' He, Pichegru, and the other arrested deputies, were removed to Rochefort, and thence to Cayenne, where he nearly perished by disease. After several months of captivity, he escaped with six of his companions in misfortune, and his faithful Le Tellier, who had courageously followed him. He went to England, and thence passed over to the continent, where he remained till the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, restored hope to those proscribed in the month of Fructidor; Barthélemy was one of the first recalled, and soon became a member of the conservative senate, shortly after which he was called to the institute. To great abilities, Barthélemy unites uncommon probity; and though long an ambassador, and afterwards a member of the first authority in the state, his fortune is still narrow.

BEAUMARCHAIS (P. AUGUSTE CARON DE,)

BORN at Paris the 24th of January, 1732; the son of a watch-maker. At the age of 21 he invented an improvement in watch-making. Being passionately fond of music, and especially of the harp, he applied himself to rendering the mechanism of the pedals more perfect, and this talent gained him admittance to Mesdames, Louis XVth's daughters, to give them lessons, which was the origin of his fortune. He lost two wives successively, and then gained three considerable law suits; the papers which he published concerning each of them, and especially that against Kornmann, whose counsel Bergasse was, excited great attention. He had an affair of honour with a duke, in consequence of which he was sent to fort l'Evêque. He was employed in some political business by the ministers Maurepas and Vergennes; he supported the scheme for the bank of discount, and this bank was established; he also procured the adoption of the scheme for a fire-pump to supply the city of Paris with water. His plan concerning poor women was executed at Lyon, and gained him thanks from the body of merchants of this town. After the death of Voltaire, he bought the whole of his manuscripts, and not having been able to print them in France, he established a considerable press at Kell, where he succeeded in raising to this great man, a typographical monument worthy of his glory. He also had some other works printed at this same establishment, particularly the writings of J. J. Rousseau. At this period the North American colonies were shaking off the yoke of England; Beaumarchais formed advantageous speculations in their favour, in which he interested the possessors of large capitals; he collected money and vessels,

and sent them arms, men, and other assistance, of which a small part fell into the hands of the English, the remainder arrived safely, and he made the best advantage of the event, which procured him a considerable fortune; it was then that he had a magnificent house built in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was planning the construction of a bridge over the Seine, when the revolution intervened to oppose his projects. On the 24th of July, 1789, he made a civic gift of 12,000 francs to the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine; a short time after he became a member of the first commune of Paris. In 1792, having signed a contract with the war minister, to furnish 60,000 firelocks, which he was to procure from Holland, and not having delivered one, though he had received 500,000 francs in advance, the people accused him of forming a deposit of them in his house on the Boulevard; this accusation was laid before the convention by Chabot; Beaumarchais was conducted to the Abbaye a little while before the massacres of September, but Manuel having declared himself his protector, he was set at liberty. Lecointre de Versailles renewed this accusation on the 28th of November, and obtained a decree for proceeding against him, but he had already taken refuge in England, where the ridiculous reply was forgotten which he had made in his own name to the proclamation of the English monarch, at the time of the American war. It was said at the time, that he would, from his retirement, maintain a secret correspondence with the committee of public safety; however this may be, after the 9th of Thermidor year 2, (27th of July, 1791) he returned to Paris, and was striving to collect the shattered remains of his ancient fortune, when, on May 17, 1799, he was carried off by an apoplectic fit, after a life made up of all kinds of events, and divided between literature and business. The only real talents which he shewed were intrigues of every species. His dramatic productions were highly successful. The marriage of Figaro especially, in which the author has retraced several scenes of his own life, not calculated to do him honour, was performed all over France, and particularly at the first theatre in Paris, with ridiculous solemnity. It is difficult to express the infatuation with which the court and the town came to applaud the most indecent pictures, the jests in the worst taste; and it is above all astonishing that the government of that time did not stifle these first cries of sedition. The Barber of Seville preceded Figaro; this work, sketched on the same plan, had less success: the Guilty Mother, which Beaumarchais wished to make the sequel to these two pieces, occasioned strong invectives, and his imprudence now met with zealous defenders of morals and good taste. The stroke which excited the most indignation, was the anagram of one of his adversaries in the foolish and odious

character of Bégearss ; no one recognised in this portrait one of the most enlightened and estimable men of the age, and the calumny was only the more disgusting on that account. This piece was, however, revived in 1796, and, after the representation, the author, at the end of his career, presented himself once more on the stage, where he received applauses, contested by some hisses. Beaumarchais' first dramatic performance, *Eugenia*, had appeared in 1767 ; the most interesting situations in this piece he had borrowed from the *Diable Boiteux* of Lesage. In 1793 he published papers in answer to *Lecointre de Versailles*, his accuser.

BERTRAND DE MOLEVILLE,

COMPTROLLER of Bretagne, then minister of the marine. Being the king's commissioner at Rennes, in 1778, and charged, with the Count de Thiard, with dissolving the parliament, he was in danger of losing his life in a commotion, in which the young men undertook the defence of the parliament. On the 4th of October, 1791, he was appointed minister of the marine, in the place of M. Thévenard. On the 31st of the same month he made a report to the legislative assembly on the state of the naval force of France, on the organization of the marine, and on the laws which remained to be made relative to the service of the ports and arsenals. The majority of the committee of the marine soon declared against him, particularly the deputy Cavelier of Brest. On the 7th and 8th of December, he was violently accused by the deputy of Finisterre, and by the deputy Cavelier, as having deceived the legislative body, by declaring the officers of the marine were at their posts, and having betrayed the nation, by employing aristocrats in the expedition destined to carry success to St. Domingo. The discussion was adjourned, and on the 13th of the same month, he presented a paper in answer to these accusations. The assembly ordered it to be printed. On the 19th of December, he delivered a speech on the disasters of St. Domingo, and on the means of remedying them. Though he had described the friends of the negroes, as the instigators of these disasters, the assembly was sufficiently pleased with this discourse to order it to be printed. On the 29th he was again denounced by a petitioner, calling himself a member of a commercial house in India, and by the deputy Cavelier. On the 13th of January, 1792, the committee of the marine made a report against the paper of the minister Bertrand, relating to the dismissions delivered to the officers of the marine of Brest. The discussion was long, the debates tumultuous, and the deliberation adjourned. On the 19th, the minister went, accompanied by his colleagues,

to present to the assembly the recapitulation of his arguments in his defence, and explanations concerning the facts imputed to him ; this affair was again adjourned. On the 1st of February the committee of the marine made a new report against him. After tumultuous debates, the assembly decreed that there was no ground of accusation against this minister ; but on the following day they decreed, that observations on his conduct should be presented. Hérault de Séchelles was charged with the denunciation : he read it, on the 1st of March, to the assembly, who adopted it. On the 10th it received the king's answer, which was honourable to the minister, and declared that Louis XVI. continued his confidence to him, though he had been denounced to him. A few days after M. Bertrand, at the solicitation of other ministers, and principally of M. Cahier de Gerville, gave in his resignation, and was succeeded by M. de la Coste. At this period Louis XVI. confided to the ex-minister, the direction of a secret police, commissioned to watch over the Jacobin party, and influence the national guard and the sections. In the month of May, Cara having denounced him to the Jacobins, as one of the principal members of the Austrian committee, Bertrand complained to the court of correcting police ; but the justice of peace, Lari-vière, who had admitted this complaint, was accused by the legislative assembly, as having illegally pursued several deputies. In the course of June, M. Bertrand sent to Louis XVI. the plan of the justice of peace, Buot, his principal secret agent, for naturalizing the tribunes of the assembly. After the events of the 20th of June, he presented another to this prince, for securing his departure from Paris, but indiscretion and perfidy prevented the execution of it. Five days after, the tenth of August, Bertrand de Moleville was accused, in consequence of a report of Gohier, and of the demand of Fouchet. He encountered great dangers, and at last reached London, where he settled after this period. In that country he published a voluminous history of the revolution, which had great success there, on account of the accuracy of the facts, of which the author was a witness, and especially on account of the severity of its principles. This valuable work has been translated into English, and reprinted at Paris in 15 volumes ; it is certainly one of the most complete collections concerning the revolution, and it would be difficult to find elsewhere more courage and exactness on this head. M. de Bertrand did not return to Paris after the 18th of Brumaire, year 8, (9th of November, 1799) and he appears to have remained attached to the house of Bourbon. In 1804, he was pointed out, in a pamphlet published by Méhée, as having tried to seduce him to attach him to the same cause ; and in May 1805, he was also marked out in the same manner in the trial of Duluc and Rosselin, who were condemned to death by a military committee.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL MACDONALD.

[From the *Philosopher of Gen. Sarrazin.*]

STEPHEN Macdonald was born at Sedan, in the department of the Ardenness, the 17th of Nov. 1765. His father, of Scotch origin, had him educated with great care. He left college in 1784, to enter in the Legion of Mallebois, which he left in 1786, for the regiment of Dillon, which he entered as an under-lieutenant: he successively passed through the different degrees to that of colonel, which he obtained on the 1st of March, 1793, in the 2d regiment of infantry of the line, called *Picardie*, which was then in garrison at Thionville.

Brave, intelligent, and well-informed, Macdonald distinguished himself in every affair in which he was engaged in the army of the north: he was appointed general of brigade after the taking of Menin; he made the campaign of 1794 under the orders of Pichegru. On the 12th of Jan. 1795, he crossed the Waal on the ice, with his division. All the generals in chief under whom he served till the peace of Leoben, spoke very highly of him in their reports to the directory.—Whilst his comrades were rendering him that justice which was due to his talents and his bravery, the representatives of the people who with the army of the north, caused him to experience the greatest inconveniences: they even pushed their hatred (inspired by his frankness) so far as to dismiss him. Pichegru complained loudly of this, and said they wished to disorganise his army, by depriving it of its best officer. The deputy, St. Just, answered him, “We have dismissed Macdonald, because neither his *face* nor *name*, are republican: we restore him to thee, but thou shalt answer for him with thy head.” This opinion of the deputies without doubt, at that time influenced the committee of public safety, and afterwards the directory, which prevented that officer from being intrusted with a chief command till 1799, when he was appointed to replace Championnet, at the army of Naples. Macdonald had distinguished himself by many successful engagements with Gen. Mack. When he attacked the French army in the Roman states, Championnet, exasperated at the dilapidations committed by the Sieur Faitpoult, commissary of the directory, had given him orders to quit Naples in twenty-four hours, with his band of pillagers. Faitpoult raised the standard of revolt against the general in chief; but he was laughed at, and his decrees were turned into ridicule. He was obliged to quit the *field of battle* with many personal insults, the authors of which I am far from wishing to justify.

Macdonald, who had not forgotten the reproaches of St. Just, conducted himself in such a manner as to persuade the directory that he respected their authority; both in the general in chief, whose orders he punctually obeyed, and in the commissioner Faitpoult, whose fate he appeared to lament. The firmness of Championnet was considered as mutiny: he was ordered to quit Naples, and to resign the command to Gen. Macdonald. That general was not afraid of the task which was imposed upon him. One might say that the whole kingdom, not even excepting the capital, was in insurrection. There was no travelling without considerable escorts. The army was obliged to fight in the Abruzzes, in the Pouille, in the principality of Salerno, and even to the very gates of Naples. The various movements of the troops were so well combined, that in a month's time every thing was calm, except in the territory of Otranto, where the remains of the insurrection appeared concentrated, under the orders of Cardinal Ruffo.

The army of Naples was under the orders of General Sherer. When he was beaten on the Adige, on the 26th of March, 1799, he gave orders to Macdonald to unite his troops and to join him by forced marches in northern Italy. The Neapolitans, informed of the successes of the Austrians, ran to arms, and the massacre of the French recommenced with fresh fury. In spite of these great obstacles, in a mountainous country, all the columns of the army succeeded in effecting a junction. It would have been dangerous to commence the retreat without having overawed the multitude by some daring stroke which might insure the confidence of those who were friendly to the French, and deter the insurgents from following at their heels. Avellino, Castellamare, Lacava, and Sorento, were attacked and taken, after some sanguinary conflicts. The army commenced its retreat on the 12th of May, and on the 26th was in Tuscany, united with the divisions of the army of Italy, detached by Gen. Moreau. Macdonald may be reproached for having lost 10 days in combining his movements with Moreau: he ought to have rushed from the heights of the Appenines into the plains on the right bank of the Po, proceeded rapidly up this river, and effected a junction with the army of Italy, in the environs of Voghera. The 13th of June he attacked Modena, and in two hours overthrew the column of General Hohenzollern, which was posted upon the glacis of the place. The French grenadiers entered the town with the Austrians, and made more than 2000 prisoners.

The divisions of Montrichard and Rusca, which ought to have seconded the attack of Modena, by the route of Bologna, not having yet arrived, Macdonald was informed that a column of cavalry retarded their march: it was a squadron of the legion of Bussy, to which all means of retreat were cut off by the taking

of Modena. Macdonald, fully confident that that body would surrender without any difficulty, advanced towards the grand road, within a quarter of a mile of the infantry, which was stationed on both sides of the road. By way of precaution, I observed to Macdonald, that I thought I had better remain with my grenadiers, and that he would do the same. 'Don't you see,' replied he, very courteously, 'that they are caught as though in a mouse trap?' When he was an hundred paces distant from the Austrians, he hollowed out to them to surrender. 'We surrender?' replied the officer, and returned his sabre into its scabbard, continuing to advance with the greatest tranquillity. When come up within pistol shot, he ordered his troops to draw their sabres, and to charge; he himself falling upon Macdonald, struck him three blows with the sabre upon the head, threw him off his horse, and then mingled with the escort, which, attacked by the whole squadron, took to flight. The grenadiers were very much embarrassed about firing, for fear of killing their own men. After a fray of ten minutes, a few Austrians succeeded in entering Modena, where they were made prisoners; the greater part of them, however, perished; in this latter number, was the commanding officer, well worthy of a better fate. He was a young man of eighteen, of a good countenance, and of considerable abilities. His generous resolution of forcing his way to rejoin his army, cannot but be praised; he would have succeeded in it, had it not been for the ambuscade of grenadiers. Macdonald, who was supposed dead, came off quit for the three cuts of the sabre, which were but slight, and the contusions occasioned by the fall from his horse.

On the 17th the advanced guard reached Placentia, and on the 18th General Ott was attacked and beaten. The coming up of the Russian advanced guard, forced the French to draw back and to take a position on the right of the Trebia. On the 19th the whole army was reunited upon the right bank of the river. Two strong van guards were stationed upon the left bank. Suwarrow and Melas attacked them with the choice of their troops, made a great slaughter, but could not force them to quit their position. The 20th of June, Macdonald acted upon the offensive: he crossed the Trebia with the whole of his army, 40,000 strong. Gen. Melas was at first beaten. Suwarrow, who was gaining in the centre, sent Gen. Rosenberg to the succour of his left; and the French were obliged to draw back to their old positions. There was for a moment, a rout in the centre. Macdonald, who was there, had nearly been drowned in the Trebia; he was carried away with the fifth regiment of light infantry, which, being panic-struck, had retreated in the greatest confusion, throwing down their muskets and knapsacks. The cause of this rout was

a charge made by nearly 500 cossacks upon 100 dragoons. These latter retreated at full gallop, and occasioned a great cloud of dust, which was increased by the pursuit of the cossacks. One frightened fellow cried out, "there is the whole of the Russian cavalry upon us;" no more was necessary to decide the gaining of this battle, so famous, but till now little known in its true point of view.

Macdonald has been unjustly reproached with having wished to gain a battle without Moreau's participation. It was only in conformity with the orders, or at least the positive advice of that general, that he determined to march upon the rear of the left wing of the Austro-Russian army. He was so zealous in complying with the intentions of Moreau, that he had the weakness to change his own plan of attack to adopt that of Victor, who told him he had it from the general in chief: this condescension caused the loss of every thing. A diversion on the part of Moreau was relied on, and it was that which determined Macdonald to desist from his former resolution, which was to proceed by forced marches to Voghera by way of Placentia, he could have got there by the 17th of June, he would have destroyed the Austrians upon the Trebia, or at least have forced them to pass upon the left bank of the Po. Suwarrow with his 25 thousand Russians would not have been able to arrest the march of the army of Naples, composed of choice troops who had made the campaigns of Italy with Bonaparte, and dispersed in one month the sixty thousand Neapolitans commanded by Mac; the Austrians should first have been fought with, and then the Russians. The slowness of the movements of the French army, and some other circumstances which time alone can properly elucidate, forced Macdonald to retreat towards Tuscany, after having lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about ten thousand men.

The Italian General Lahoz having separated from the French to join the insurgents, whose numbers and audacity increased daily, Macdonald determined upon evacuating Tuscany and re-joining Moreau at Genoa; this movement was made in good order. After this junction Macdonald obtained leave to return to France, for the purpose of re-establishing his health, which was considerably affected by his wounds and the fatigues inseparable from so toilsome a campaign, which had lasted for nearly a year. He was at Paris at the event of the 18th Brumaire, and was intrusted by Bonaparte with the command of Versailles: he showed on that post more firmness than at the end of the campaign of Italy; he caused the club of Versailles to be shut up, and made the inhabitants sensibly feel that it was high time that a just and energetic government should obliterate the horrors of anarchy and the fatal vacillation of the weak directory.

Bonaparte, thinking to testify his satisfaction to Macdonald, offered him, in April 1800, the command of one of the corps of the army of reserve, destined to reconquer Italy, under the orders of Berthier. Macdonald, piqued at seeing himself exposed to serve as a subordinate after having commanded in chief, pretended illness from his wounds in the army of Naples. Notwithstanding this refusal, the true motive of which did not escape the penetration of the crafty Bonaparte, Macdonald was nominated, on the 24th of August, 1800, general in chief of the army destined to penetrate into the Tyrol, through Switzerland, to second the operations of the army in Italy, and favour the movements of the army of Moreau in Germany, by forcing the Austrians to keep up in the Tyrol from 25 to 30,000 men of their best troops. This campaign consisted of very fatiguing marches in the Alps, in the depth of winter. The French army was about 15,000 strong. General Matthew Dumas, more expert in writing about war than carrying it on, was chief of the staff. After having combatted more with the difficulties of the roads than with the Austrians, who made but a weak resistance, Macdonald possessed himself of Trent the 7th of January, 1801. The armistice concluded at Treviso, the 16th of the same month, put an end to hostilities.

Returned to France, Macdonald was no doubt displeasing to Bonaparte, from his intimate connexion with Moreau: he was honourably exiled by being appointed for the embassy to the court of Denmark; he experienced so many disagreeables in that capacity, that he was continually soliciting his recall, which was at length granted him in 1803. Notwithstanding his assiduities at the Thuilleries, he was always coldly received. He appeared to be one of the most eager of the generals for the nomination of Bonaparte as *emperor*: nevertheless thus suffered his ambition to get the better of the pride, which his conduct till now without reproach, ought to have inspired him with, he was not included in the list of marshals of the empire; he remained unemployed till 1809. He obtained at last orders to serve under the command of Prince Eugene Beauharnois in the army of Italy; he then commanded the right wing of this army, and was considered as the mentor of Eugene. The success obtained at Laybach and at Raab were the results of Macdonald's combinations. The 6th of July, 1809, at the battle of Wagram, he was charged with the attack of the centre of the Austrian army: he lost in killed and wounded about three-fourths of his column, but he succeeded in making the Archduke Charles fall back; his conduct obtained him a marshal's staff which was given him upon the field of battle. Some time afterwards he was named Duke of Tarento.

The faint attacks of Augereau in Catalonia, determined Bona-

parte to give him, Macdonald, for a successor. Gouvion St. Cyr, an officer of great merit, had been recalled from this command in a manner little flattering to him. The surprisal of Figueras by the Catalans, which at first was considered as a triumph for the noble cause of the brave Spaniards, has been found, by the fatality of events, to have been only a snare in which 4000 choice men, the very soul of the insurrection in Catalonia, have unhappily been taken; so that since the 19th of August, the period that Figueras opened its gates to Macdonald, this rich province appears, in despite of the energy of its inhabitants, to be subjugated to the yoke of the French. Notwithstanding this brilliant result, Macdonald appears to have been recalled from this command. I cannot find out the reason, but in the tone the general assumes in the account he renders of the capitulation of Figueras — "*I please myself*," says Macdonald, in his report to Berthier, "*in rendering justice to the army, in the hope that the emperor will view with the eye of favour these brave fellows, intreating your excellency to cause it to be remarked to his majesty, that his army of Catalonia is a stranger to the event which has reunited it in this place,*" &c. How happens it that Macdonald, who does not want for good sense, should have allowed himself such awkward observations? It would have been easy for him to have convinced himself, long ago, that Bonaparte detests any one who should think proper to take upon himself the language of a monitor, or the part of Phormion or Ephesus, who discussed the science of war in the presence of Hannibal.

The Duke of Tarento is of a good size, of a slender make, but robust, pale-faced, with eyes full of fire; his smile sardonic, his gait is military, his manners very polished. I believe him to be a sincere friend. Although he showed a weakness of character in the council of war, which occasioned the loss of the battle of Trebia, we cannot refuse to allow him the firmness necessary to a good general: he paid dear for this complaisance, since he lost the only pitched battle in which he commanded in chief. This fault will have served as a useful lesson to him to hold firm to his opinion, and to shew off those talents to the best advantage with which nature has gifted him. The numerous combats which he has sustained and given in Germany and Italy, and almost always with success, incontestibly place him amongst the generals of the second rank: his cringing conduct to obtain employment does him little honour. He experiences at this time what we see happen every day in society, as a consequence of the strange caprices of men, who appear to increase in coldness in proportion to the anxiety with which respectable women endeavour to captivate husbands, equally despicable for their most ridiculous jealousy and the most insupportable tyranny.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Culture of Potatoes.—From Mr. Murray, overseer of a party of sealers, who landed in Fouveaux's Straits, October 7, 1809, and arrived at Sydney, August 20, 1810; we learn that his party, with two others, one left in Molyneaux's Straits, the other on the South Cape of New Zealand, had been reduced to great distress for want of food, the vessels they depended on for a supply, not having arrived.

From his long stay in Fouveaux's Straits, Mr. Murray became tolerably conversant in the native language, which he describes as totally different from that of the Bay of Islands, although the people of both places dress much alike, and are nearly similar in their manners. There were two small towns on that part of the coast upon which his gang was stationed, each of which contained between twenty and thirty houses, each house containing twenty families. These houses are built with posts, lined with reeds, and thatched with grass. They grow some potatoes, which, with their nuts, they barter with the sailors for any articles they chose to give in exchange; preferring iron or edged tools, none of which they had ever before had in their possession. Those on the sea-coast live chiefly upon fish; their canoes are very inferior to those of the Bay of Islands, not exceeding 18 inches in breadth; but from 14 to 16 feet in length, which want of proportion renders it unsafe to venture out any distance without lashing two of these vehicles together, to keep them from up-setting. Their offensive weapons are stone axes of an immoderate size and weight, and large spears from 12 to 14 feet in length, which they do not throw; and as an unquestionable evidence of barbarity, Mr. M. affirms, that when two factions take the field, their women are ranked in front of either line, in which posture they attack and defend, the men levelling their weapons at each other of the heads of the unfortunate females, who rend the air with shrieks and lamentations while the conflict lasts, and frequently leave more dead upon the field than do their savage masters. The vanquishers devour the bodies of their fallen enemies, and bury their own dead; and like the Gentoos, the women follow their husbands to the shades below. To their king or principal chief, whom they call the *Pararoy*, they pay profound respect; and such was their deference to superior rank, that no civilities were paid to any of Mr. Murray's people, unless he were present; and he also was honoured with the rank and title of a *Pararoy*.

Slaves Emancipated.—The island of Goree, off the African coast, now contains 2000 blacks, who have been rescued from slave-ships by our cruisers. A plan has been lately devised for recruiting the West

India regiments from them; and some officers are about to be sent out to carry it into effect.

Prodigious Tiger.—The Madras journals mention, that one of the largest Tigers ever seen in that part of the world, was killed at Saukerry Droog, by Captain Moore and Lieutenants Birch and Nellthropp. In the course of a few months, it had destroyed a hundred head of cattle, &c. besides four children. Sixteen balls were lodged in its body before it fell; it measured from head to tail 14 feet, and was 43 inches in height.

Persia.—Country surveyed: Panoramic Views.—Mr. Price a gentleman attached to the Persian embassy, has made drawings on the spot, of every town, village, castle, ruin, mountain of note, &c. during the whole of his route from the Persian Gulf to Tehran, the Persian capital. He has made panoramic views of Shiras, Persepolis, Isphahan, Kashan, Kom, and Tehran; giving the costumes of the people, &c. so that on his return to England the public may expect to be gratified with the fruits of his labour through this extensive and interesting tract of country, hitherto so little known in Europe.

Turkey.—Weehabees victorious.—Constantinople, April 1. Letters from Smyrna confirm the news of the defeat of Jussuff Pacha, by the Weehabees. He lost near Medina some thousands of men, and retired in disorder to the banks of the Red Sea, where he is waiting for reinforcements.

Mahometan Pilgrimage terminated in a British Ship.—The Druid frigate, Captain Searle, has sailed from Alexandria for Tangiers, conveying to the latter place the emperor of Morocco's son, who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Selling a Wife.—A well dressed woman was lately sold in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck, to a decent looking man, who gave eight shillings for the *Lady*, and paid the salesman seven shillings. An immense crowd witnessed the scene. The woman declared it was the happiest moment of her life: and the purchaser said that he would not take ten pounds for his *bargain*!

Daniel Redesh sold his wife in Sheffield market-place lately, for *sixpence*, and actually delivered her to the purchaser in a halter, which cost *ninepence*.

Bibliomania.—At no time did the *Bibliomania* rage with more violence than at present. At the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, a collection of two-penny portraits of criminals, and other remarkable characters, chiefly of persons tried at the Old Bailey, sold for 94*l.* 10*s.*—The *Boke of Saint Albans*, printed 1486, 147*l.*—The *Mirroure of the World*, Caxton, 1480, 35*l.* 15*s.*—The *Kalmdayr of the Shippers*, 1503, 180*l.*—The last little volume was bought for the Duke by Mr. Nichol for two guineas.

A collection of halfpenny ballads and garlands, pasted, in 3 vols. sold for 478*l.* 15*s.*

A set of the Sessions' papers, from 1690 to 1803, sold for 378*l.*

One day's sale of the library, produced above 2,800*l.* The books were early and scarce editions of English poetry.

Wednesday June 17, was quite an epoch in bookselling; for at no time, and in no country, did books bring the prices at which they were knocked down by Mr. Evans at Roxburghe House. To enumerate all the rarities sold would exceed the limits that we can spare for the article; but we shall extract from the catalogue, (in Mr. Nicol's own words) the titles of a few of the lots, and add the prices at which they sold.

Romances.

No. 6,292. *Il Decamerone di Boccaccio*, fol. M. C. Edit. Prim. Venet: Valdarfer, 1471.

Of the extreme scarcity of this celebrated edition of the Decameron, it will perhaps be sufficient to say, that no other perfect copy is yet known to exist, after all the fruitless researches of more than 300 years.

It was bought by the Marquis of Blandford, after a long contest with Earl Spencers, for 2,260*l.*; being the largest sum ever given for a single volume.

No. 6,348. *The Boke of the Fayt of Armes and of Chyvalrye*, fol. blue Turkey, gilt leaves, very rare. Caxton, 1479.

Bought by Mr. Nornaville for 336*l.*

No. 6,349. *The veray trew History of the valiant Knight Jason*, fol. Russia. Andewarpe by Gerard Leea, 1492.

Of this very rare edition no other copy is known. Bought by the Duke of Devonshire for 94*l.* 10*s.*

No. 6,350. *The Recuyeil of the Histories of Troye*, by Raoule le Fevre, translated and printed by William Caxton. fol. B. M. Colen, 1473.

This matchless copy of the first book printed in the English Language, belonged to Elizabeth Gray, Queen of Edward IV.

Bought by the Duke of Devonshire for 1,060*l.* 10*s.*

No. 6,353. *The most Pytifull History of the Noble Appolyn, King of Thyre*, 4to. M. G. L. very rare; W. de Warde, 1519.

Bought by Mr. Nornaville, for 115*l.* 10*s.*

No. 6,360. *The History of Blanchardyn, and the Princes Eglantyne*. fol. red Mor. Caxton.

Of this book there is no other copy known to exist. Unfortunately, imperfect at the end.

Bought by Earl Spencer for 215*l.* 15*s.*

No. 6,361. *The right pleasaunt and goodlie Historye of the Four Sonnes of Aimon*, fol. red Mor. Caxton, 1554.

Bought by Mr. Heber for 55*l.*

No. 6,376. *The Lyfe of Vergilius*, with wood-cuts, rare, 4to.

Bought by Marq. of Blandford for 54*l.* 12*s.*

No. 6,377. *The Storye of Frederike of Jennen*, with wood-cuts, 1518.

Bought by Mr. Triphook for 65*l.* 2*s.*

No. 6.378. The Story of Mary of Nemegen, with wood-cuts, 1518. Bought by Mr. Triphook for 67*l*.

The day's sale amounted to 5,035*l*. 7*s*.

It will be curious to learn what these books originally cost the noble duke; and we trust Mr. Nichol will publish a priced catalogue with a detail of the formation of the library.

Books to the amount of 40,000*l*. have been sold by auction within the last two months—to which those now on sale will add 25 or 30,000*l*. more.

The young Duke of Devonshire has also bought the Count Maccarthy's splendid library, in one lot, for 25,000 guineas.

Sir Joseph Banks.—Sir Joseph Banks, observing lately the motion of a snake along the floor, discovered that it was assisted by its ribs, which served the purpose of feet, the points of them touching the ground, and by those means facilitating its motions.

Longevity.—Since the year 1810, 30 persons in Russia have attained the age of 115 years; 24 that of 120; 11 that of 135; and 2 that of 140.

Germany.—The Catalogue of Books which is annually published before the Leipsic fair, announces this year 1609 new works, in German and Latin; 100 new novels; and 50 new theatrical pieces; the number of geographical maps is 82; and new musical compositions about 350.

France.—M. Itard, physician to the School for the Deaf and Dumb in Paris, lately read to the Institute an essay on the construction of the organ of hearing, and the causes and cure of deafness; in which he gave an account of a cure performed by him on a deaf and dumb youth, by perforating the tympanum of the ear, and injecting warm water.

Automatons.—Three automatons are now exhibiting at Paris: the first writes the names of persons; the second copies drawings; and the third, which is a *chef d'œuvre*, speaks and articulates distinctly.

M. D'Audebert.—M. D'Audebert is engaged in a great work upon the relations which the diseases of animals have to those of man.

M. Noyez.—M. Noyez, Veterinarian at Mirepoix, has published a memoir upon the good effects which result from the shearing of domestic animals, such as the ox and the horse, in the cure and prevention of certain diseases.

Berkshire.—The Reading Mercury says, "There is, within two miles of this town, a young woman, who has lived during the last three years without meat, bread, or any solid articles of food. She subsists entirely on a little wine and milk. It is remarkable that she throws

up every day a large quantity of blood. She is unable to move, having long lost every particle of flesh ; but she appears nearly in the same situation as she was three years ago."

M. Degen, flying.—M. Degen lately made another experiment with his flying machine, at Trivoli, near Paris. He descended from a scaffold erected in the grand walk, and alighted safe in the old park of Sceaux. He was buoyed up by a small balloon, to which wings were attached, made of taffety, 22 feet in length and 8 1-2 in breadth.

Migration of birds.—It has long been disputed, and is still an undecided point in natural history, whether several species of birds, which disappear in winter, actually remove to warmer climates, or lie, during the cold months, torpid and concealed. One undoubted proof that the latter is the fact, is, perhaps, worth remarking. On the 1st of June, on removing some mats of tow in a warehouse belonging to Messrs. Neilson and Co. at Methel, one of the tribe called *martin*, or *swift*, was discovered between two of the mats, lying on its belly, with the wings spread, to all appearance dead, and, until closely handled, exhibited no symptoms of animation. By degrees, however, it began to revive, and, opening its languid eyes, expressed with a scream that its repose had been prematurely broken. For a while it refused to fly, but, in about an hour, was fully recovered ; and on being offered the gift of liberty, darted through its native element, hailing with joy the dawn of its periodical resurrection. Those birds which feed solely on ærial insects, find no kind of subsistence from the time that the chilling air annihilates its numberless inhabitants, until the beams of summer again call them forth by myriads. The swallow, martin, &c. are therefore compelled to cross oceans, and seek support in warmer regions, most probably those of Africa, from whence they annually return—or, without the dangers of such a flight, they hide themselves in dark recesses and all-provident nature wraps them in the slumber of torpitude, until she has again replenished the atmosphere with their food, and then she awakes them to taste her bounty. Probably some may emigrate ; but the foregoing circumstance proves, beyond a doubt, that they can, for many months, undergo a total suspension of every faculty, and are again, in the proper season, charmed, as it were, into cheerful existence.

Singular Cause of Incorrectness in a Watch.—A gentleman put an exquisite watch into the hands of a watch-maker that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as ever was made. He took it to pieces, and put it together twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicion true. Here was all the mischief. The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions, and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel.

POETRY.

FROM THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER.

POLYDORE.—A BALLAD.

ON Rimside Moor a tempest-cloud
Its dreary shadows cast
At midnight, and the desert flat
Re-echoed to the blast;
When a poor child of guilt came there
With frantic step to range,
For blood was sprinkled on the garb
He dared not stay to change.

“ My God! Oh whither shall I turn?
The horsemen press behind,
Their hollo’ and their horses’ tramp
Come louder on the wind;
But there’s a sight on yonder heath
I dare not, cannot face,
Though ’twere to save me from those hounds,
And gain my spirit grace.

“ Why did I seek those hated haunts
Long shunn’d so fearfully;
Was there not room on other hills
To hide and shelter me?
Here’s blood on every stone I meet,
Bones in each glen so dim,
And comrade Gregory that’s dead!—
But I’ll not think of him.

“ I’ll seek that hut where I was wont
To dwell on a former day,
Nor terrors vain, nor things long past,
Shall scare me thence away.
That cavern from the law’s pursuit
Has saved me oft before,
And fear constrains to visit haunts
I hoped to see no more.”

Through well-known paths, though long untrod,
The robber took his way,
Until before his eyes the cave
All dark and desert lay.

There he, when safe beneath its roof,
 Began to think the crowd
 Had left pursuit, so wild the paths,
 The tempest was so loud.

The bolts had still retain'd their place,
 He barred the massy door,
 And laid him down, and heard the blast
 Careering o'er the moor.
 Terror and guilt united strove
 To chase sweet sleep away;
 But sleep with toil prevail'd at last,
 And seized him where he lay.

A knock comes thundering to the door.
 The robber's heart leaps high—
 "Now open quick, remember'st not
 Thy comrade Gregory?"—
 "Whoe'er thou art, with smother'd voice
 Strive not to cheat mine ear,
 My comrade Gregory is dead,
 His bones are hanging near!"

"Now ope thy door nor parley more,
 Be sure I'm Gregory!
 An 'twere not for the gibbet rope,
 My voice were clear and free.
 The wind is high, the wind is loud,
 It bends the old elm tree;
 The blast has toss'd my bones about
 This night most wearily.

"The elm was dropping on my hair,
 The shackles gall'd my feet;
 To hang in chains is a better lair,
 And oh a bed is sweet!
 For many a night I've borne my lot,
 Nor yet disturb'd thee here,
 Then sure a pillow thou wilt give
 Unto thy old compeer?"

"Tempt me no more," the robber cried
 And struggled with his fear,
 "Were this a night to ope my door,
 Thy taunt should cost thee dear."—
 "Ah, comrade, you did not disown,
 Nor bid me brave the cold,
 The door was open'd soon, when I
 Brought murder'd Mansell's gold.

"When for a bribe you gave me up
 To the cruel gallows tree,
 You made my bed with readiness,
 And stir'd the fire for me.
 But I have sworn to visit thee,
 Then cease to bid me go,
 And open—or thy bolts and bars
 Shall burst beneath my blow."

Oh sick at heart grew Polydore,
 And wish'd the dawn of day;
 That voice had quell'd his haughtiness,
 He knew not what to say.
 For now the one that stood without
 An entrance craved once more,
 And when no answer was return'd,
 He struck—and burst the door.

Some words he mutter'd o'er the latch,
 They were no words of good,
 And by the embers of the hearth,
 All in his shackles stood.
 A wreath of rusted iron bound
 His grim unhallowed head;
 A demon's spark was in his eye—
 Its mortal light was dead.

“Why shrink'st thou thus, good comrade, now
 With such a wilder'd gaze,
 Dost fear my rusted shackles' clank,
 Dost fear my wither'd face?
 But for the gallows rope, my face
 Had ne'er thus startled thee;
 And the gallows rope, was't not the fruit
 Of thy foul treachery?”

“But come thou forth, we'll visit now
 The elm of the wither'd rind;
 For though thy door was barr'd to me,
 Yet I will be more kind.
 That is my home, the ravens there
 Are all my company;
 And they and I will both rejoice
 In such a guest as thee.

“The wind is loud, but clasp my arm—
 Why, fool, dost thou delay?
 You did not fear to clasp that arm
 When my life was sold away.”
 The midnight blast sung wild and loud
 Round trembling Polydore,
 As by his dead companion led
 He struggled o'er the moor.

Soon had they reach'd a wilderness
 By human foot unpress'd,
 The wind grew cold, the heather sigh'd
 As conscious of their guest.
 Alone amid the dreary waste
 The whither'd elm reclined,
 Where a halter with a ready noose
 Hung dancing in the wind.

Then turning round, his ghastly face
 Was twisted with a smile—
 “Now living things are far remote,
 We'll rest us here awhile.”

Brothers we were, false Polydore,
 We robb'd in company;
 Brothers in life, and we in death
 Shall also brothers be.

"Behold the elm, behold the rope,
 Which I prepared before—
 Art pale? 'tis but a struggle, man,
 And soon that struggle's o'er.
 Tremble no more, but freely come,
 And like a brother be;
 I'll hold the rope, and in my arms
 I'll help you up the tree."

The eyes of Polydore grew dim,
 He roused himself to pray,
 But a heavy weight sat on his breast
 And took all voice away.
 The rope is tied—Then from his lips
 A cry of anguish broke—
 Too powerful for the bands of sleep,
 And Polydore awoke.

All vanish'd now the cursed elm,
 His dead companion gone,
 With troubled joy he found himself
 In darkness and alone.
 But still the wind with hollow gusts
 Fought ravening o'er the moor,
 And check'd his transports, while it shook
 The barricaded door.

FROM THE SAME.

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

WHILE far, dear friend, your parting steps recede,
 I frequent turn to gaze with fond delay;
 How faint your lineaments and form decay,
 Diminish'd to a dim unbodied shade.
 Alas! that thus our early friendships fade!
 While through the busy vale of life we stray,
 And hold the separate tenor of our way,
 Thus imperceptibly our minds secede.

Yet sure too soon, thou brother of my heart,
 So lately found, but therefore loved the more;
 Too soon the moments of affection fly!
 Too soon by nature's rigid laws we part;
 Surviving friends may o'er our tomb deplore,
 But never hear a soft responsive sigh.

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